The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXI *March* 1, 1940 NUMBER 19

THE WEEK 393
THE GREEN REVOLUTION (*Editorial*) 395
THE POPES AND AGRICULTURE *Luigi G. Ligutti* 397
TAMING WILD ROSES *George M. A. Schoener* 399
PRODUCTION AT HOME *Hiram Merriman* 401
MARCH 1ST *C. Edward Wolf* 404
UNTIL TOMORROW (*Verse*) *Walter J. Ong, S.J.* 405
BY-PRODUCTS OF A COMMUNITY GARDEN *Karl Detzer* 406
LAKE BADUS PARISH *T. D. Lyons* 407
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 408
COMMUNICATIONS 409
THE STAGE AND SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 412
ECONOMICS FOR LIVING *Philip Burnham* 413
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 415
Indians of the United States—Commonwealth or Anarchy—Mexico Reborn—Documents in American Foreign Relations—Public Policy—Mark Twain in Germany—After Many a Summer Dies the Swan—Modern Philosophies of Education—Of His Fullness—Through Hundred Gates
THE INNER FORUM 420

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Associate Editor;* JAMES F. FALLON, *Advertising Manager.*

How the United States Can Intervene

AMERICANS have one sure means in their power of keeping alive the world's hopes, aspirations and efforts for a humane and lasting peace. Relief for the victims of the scourge of war is an unassailable instrument. It is only honest to weigh against modern cruelties the concern men feel for their fellows all over the globe and the skill that has been developed for rendering assistance to the homeless in distant lands. The current *News Letter* of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches and the Church Peace Union includes a fine supplement which concisely summarizes what various American relief organizations are doing. China, with 40,000,000 persons destitute because of war, flood and famine, presents "the greatest relief problem in history." The three organizations listed with addresses have together apparently not raised as much as the native Chinese Benevolent Association of New York. Relief funds go much farther in China, where "$12 will save the life of a refugee for a whole year." Other listed organizations operate to assist the Finns (500,000 refugees from the battle zones, so far), Germans, Spanish (150,000 still in French and North African concentration camps) or Poles (125,000 refugees in Hungary, Lithuania and Rumania—not to mention the millions in partitioned Poland). There are important international relief groups too. We are all called to a new kind of "dollar diplomacy" for the operating machinery is at hand.

In Europe and the Far East

Neutrals Are in It

IT IS the Germans' misfortune that their moral indignation is aroused too often when a principle is violated by others which no one imagines they themselves admit or respect. The "swinish, bestial" rescue of more than 300 seamen on their way to a German prison camp evokes to most people not horror but sympathy: it was nice work. It violated Norwegian neutrality. But the English made this violation appear incidental to an accomplishment which had obvious humane results. In any case not Germany but the neutral nations are qualified to complain. And even they are only partially qualified to complain. They were—we all were—involved in the international system which permitted if it did not produce the war. They are a part of the body which is infected by war: they cannot cut themselves off from this body. One neutral nation is already invaded, others may be invaded or forced to take sides, or, like Italy, threaten to take sides; the most favored will have their economies distorted by direct bribery, by the artificial demand for certain supplies, by the closing of outlets for certain other supplies. All are affected spiritually by hate, by indifference, by fear. No declaration of political neutrality can result in a nation being able to live untouched by the struggle. Although the strain is unevenly distributed, the only world we know, but the whole of that world, is at war.

"Cossack" in Norway

Something Simpler

NOT SO LONG AGO it used to be the completely cynical rule of commentators on Chinese affairs to assume that every general (or bandit) had his price; that every specimen of the genus *sinopoliticus* could be bought. Then everything changed. All the wicked bandits were suppressed and China became "a national entity, surging with a tremendous force of nationalism" (Lin Yutang). Last week Hallett Abend in a special dispatch to the New York *Times* reported a rumor from Shanghai, comforting in a way because it is so reminiscent of the good old human times. Here is the story: When last Wang Ching-wei, who is known to be carrying

$40,000,000 vs. $20,000,000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on certain highly delicate negotiations with the Japanese Government, went to the south of his native country, he is said to have had in his baggage 20,000,000 Japanese dollars in Chinese currency. This was, it is said, used to "insult" the nationalist troops of Kwangsi province, wherein lies the city of Nanning. The troops, it is further alleged, needed insulting, since they had had no pay for eleven months. Wang supposedly effected a satisfactory and equitable distribution, for shortly thereafter the Japanese landed in Southern Kwangtung virtually unopposed and marched into Nanning after a sensationally rapid advance through easily defendable territory. Alarm and even consternation in Chungking! A larger insult was seen to be the only way out, so $40,000,000 was rushed down by airplane wherewith to remind the Chinese troops of the tremendous force of their national spirit.

Whatever one may think of this yarn, it is a little too cynical to be taken even for Japanese propaganda; but it beautifully represents the condescension toward Orientals that characterizes so many Westerners. There is much that is good in Chiang Kai-shek's national unity for China; the sufferings of the millions of Chinese refugees are a testimony to its basic popularity. But there are dangers in nationalism; the present stalemate in the Far East needs resolving, even at the price of "face," or of a Western conception of extreme national sovereignty. Bribery is certainly not the way out, although it shows a lack of nationalistic overemphasis that seems commendable. We shall not help by condescension or by exclusion acts or by embargoes. Of that much at least we may all be certain in a sea of rumors.

The Republicans' Program

Politics and Action

THE "PROGRAM FOR A DYNAMIC AMERICA" produced by the Glenn Frank group of Republicans is not a document which can by itself greatly frighten or delight anyone. In the first place, political platforms have a bad name in America, they are so consistently overlooked by the party which comes into office upon them. Then, as acute observers have pointed out, the rhetoric of this particular document and its sense are rather at odds. Its tone is that of reactionary conservatism which could please only those clubmen in cartoons; its sense is far less polemic and far less definite. No major alterations in the conduct of American affairs seem to be advocated, an appearance which can be deplored from many viewpoints. The farm program, for instance, suggests no shift from the blind emphasis on commercialism and industrialism. The "parity" idea is elaborated with the same detail regarding prices and the same vagueness regarding standard of living and way of life with which we are too familiar. Production curbs are condemned, but subsidies not ruled out. The farm market is to be expanded, especially at home where we shall try to build up our national diet. Particularly, we are to find new industrial uses for farm products. These Republicans plan no revolution on the farm. Amendment of the Wagner Act is naturally advocated, but no furious destruction of it. Indeed, there is no furious attack on the New Deal anywhere except in the preamble, but a criticism that tries conscientiously to be politically creative, without, however, presenting many new ideas. Concerning the war, it says: "Under these circumstances, it is highly questionable whether either our economic system of free enterprise or our political system of representative self-government would survive participation in a European war." But can they survive this period of war, even if we keep our armies out of Europe? Surely an imperialistic hegemony over the Western hemisphere and a "thoroughly adequate" defensive force cannot alone preserve us.

Insurance Companies in the Farm Business

Eggs and Baskets

THE LATEST MONOPOLY hearings in Washington call attention to the vast sums our largest insurance companies invested in mortgages on the nation's best farm lands in the North Central States, especially during the 1920's. Handling some $24,000,000,000 of savings for millions of policyholders the officials of the 26 largest companies have a terrific social responsibility. Most of their investments panned out well: only railroads and mortgages proved to be weak sisters. In the nine years ending with 1938 the companies reduced their farm mortgages from $1,787,799,000 to $743,961,000, largely by foreclosure and, where possible, by sale. They still own outright more than half a billion dollars' worth of farm property. Perhaps the time has come to question whether farms comprise a proper absentee-ownership business in which the nation's savings can be invested by these dispensers of so much of the national wealth. Surely the experiences of those families who have lost their farms in the past ten years suggests that ultimately the solution must include equity as opposed to fixed-interest financing. Meanwhile interest rates in new mortgage contracts should continue to be lowered, with provisions, as suggested by M. L. Wilson, for higher interest and amortization payments in good years, lower rates for poor years. To prevent farm purchasing for speculation purposes the investor should have the first option, should the farmer decide to sell. Under present conditions insurance companies have little reason to believe that new farm mortgages are good baskets for some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of their vast store of eggs. A decline in this type of farm mortgage business may be one of the influences leading toward the long-term tenure which is so desirable for the farm family in America today.

Yesterday's Snows Pile Up

The Morgan Partnership

J. P. MORGAN & CO. dissolved as a partnership about seven years too late to give the public the biggest Wall Street drama it could have. How remarkably softly this living legend dispersed into history! Only one day was there a headline, and then commentators explained the drama right out of existence: the Trust Company to be formed will save the partners much money; the advantages of a private partnership were written out of existence by Congress in the banking laws; Morgan Stanley & Co., a prosaic corporation, had succeeded to the big money underwriting business anyway; a proper secrecy is no longer permitted in banking, etc. . . .

A true perspective of the rôle of the Morgan banking partnership in modern capitalism would probably be almost too disillusioning. It might be hard to face that fact and symbol and remain complacent about the way great finance capitalism was and is. Fortunately, at the last minute, the papers found out that the man the British sent to this country to direct the liquidation of the $100,000,000 more or less worth of the sixty English-owned American stock issues which the Empire took over had been making his office since the first of the year at the corner of Wall and Broad. It is not yet necessary to speak nothing but good of the Morgan Company, but the tendency, great when the firm was heroic with power — known and hidden — becomes almost overwhelming as time adds the force of nostalgia.

Carnegie Foundation on Educational Thrift

An Old Truth Re-stated

THERE is not time to examine in detail before going to press the just-published report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. However, it is clear that the current edition of this important annual review of educational trends has been written in a peculiarly sober and realistic vein. It is concerned largely with the economics of present-day higher education and points out that colleges and universities in general are confronted with the sharp need of increasing operating funds or, alternately, decreasing operating costs. The report's recommendations made under the second heading, that of decreasing operating expenses, seem to us germane indeed to the actual subject of education. There is the fruitful suggestion, for instance, that many more colleges should concentrate entirely upon undergraduate teaching. There is the blunt reminder that "many institutions are offering courses which they cannot afford" and that "some have been forced to cut the slice so thin that they simply cannot compete with their neighbors on any satisfactory basis": an evil of the destructive intercollegiate competition for prestige, and especially for students. But there is a positive side to the picture. The hope is held out that the student himself will furnish the corrective for much that is amiss; since he must pay more and more of the cost of his college education himself, "in the long run he will surely expect more than publicity, football or even ivy-clad walls." And, to round out with, there is the restatement of a basic educational truth: "Excellence of the college product is not so much a function of college equipment or of diversified curriculum as of . . . things more simple and less expensive. . . ." This used to be expressed in the old definition of education which included Mark Hopkins and a log. It is good to see it re-emerge.

The Green Revolution

FOR A good many years now an increasing number of our wise men have been urging a return to the soil as a way out of our economic fix. We hear that there is always work on the soil. We hear that farmers eat better than city people. We learn from an insurance company that people live longer in the country—about five years longer, to be precise. We are assured that the farmer stands a better chance of achieving a modest—and better than modest—competence than does the city worker. The farmer likes his work better, is in a more advantageous position to raise a family and so promote the welfare of the nation and the race. Above all the farm family has more liberty than the urban family.

That all sounds pretty good; why then do the multitudes not pack up and move back to the good earth?

For years the American hierarchy has been urging a return to the land. As far back as 1923 at the first Catholic Rural Life Conference Bishop Wehrle said: "There is something almost sacramental about country life." Ten years later in "A Statement on the Present Crisis" the bishops jointly underscored the need to go back. Today we can read a hundred statements like this, from an article by the dean of a Catholic school of journalism: "It is essential for the Church to establish in the minds of the young people the idea that the solution of many of our social, economic and religious problems rests in a return to the soil." Nor are such sentiments limited to Catholics. They are reiterated in legislatures and on lecture platforms all over the country. Private

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foundations exist to translate them into action. The federal government has even put up quite a piece of cash the last years to promote schemes of the sort.

Here then is a program which almost everyone seems to think excellent, but upon which mighty few act.

If you have a dog who likes bones, is supposed to eat bones and, being offered one, refuses it, there is always a possibility that something is wrong with the bone.

City people—lots of them—like the country well enough to spend their vacations in it, they are gravely told that the country would be good for them, yet they keep right on living in the city. Maybe they're just full of cussedness and don't want what's good for them. But then again maybe there's something wrong with the country.

Americans don't live in ivory towers—particularly city Americans. They most of them read newspapers and magazines, listen to the radio; many of them go to lectures or political meetings; almost all of them gossip with their cronies. All through their waking hours they are conscious of voices saying things. What do the farm voices say? Mostly they say, "Woe, woe is us!" Mostly they're asking for government handouts. Mostly they remind you of the grapes of wrath. So when a fine-feathered improver talks of the Liberty to be won from the soil, of the Abundance of the farmer's life, one can almost hear the snickers from the unseen audience.

In this issue of THE COMMONWEAL there is a little story about a tenant farmer who has to find a new farm and move to it before March 1. It doesn't look as though he had very much Liberty or Abundance. Yet his lot is comparatively happy when you compare it with the lot of the sharecroppers, the Okies, the Jackson whites, the tillers of marginal acres. All these people are on the soil, and they are of the soil. Do you blame city workers for preferring their tenements? At least when they work, they are paid something for it.

The plain fact is that America hasn't got much rural life left. What it has is a vast industrial plant in the country, with production divorced from use and with ownership divorced from production. We haven't got much of a yeomanry or even a peasantry; we have a rural proletariat.

Of course there still are farms in the United States—millions of them. There are lots of them in Pennsylvania, in Wisconsin, in Iowa; some in Minnesota, New York and New England. And there are still others scattered all over the place. By and large such people are doing fairly well, thank you, and you don't hear much about them. They are the family-use farmers, the real farmers of the country. They conceive that their most important job is to provide for themselves everything their farms will produce. The surplus they gladly sell, and they use the proceeds to buy what they can't raise. But such farms produce only a fraction of the products that find their way to city markets. Our big crops are raised in a big and non-rural way.

If these farmers' state of life were publicized equally with that of the big-time industrial growers, we might find more city folk trying out the good earth as a means of livelihood and a way of life. Many would be disappointed. It takes a lot of brains to run a successful home-use farm. Says Bishop Muench: "The farm is eminently a place for an intelligent mind, a mind that is resourceful, sure in its judgment when to plow, seed and harvest, and quick to make decisions as weather or market conditions may demand." Such people are never too plentiful, city or country. But they do exist, and far too many of them are wasting their fragrances on the desert air of our urban landscapes.

There is only one way, however, that any mass movement to the soil can be inaugurated, and that is by featuring a revolution on the soil itself. Sharecropping and tenantry and the migrant laborer for agricultural corporations (often masquerading under the fair name of "cooperative") must cease to exist. That, as Mr. Huxley's Mr. Stoyte succinctly puts it, "won't be good for the oil business." If there were no grapes of wrath, no rural proletariat, but a farm population largely self-sustaining—farmers who eat their own pork and milk and flour rather than buy all those things at a store for five times what they themselves can get for the very same products (believe it or not, that's the honest truth about how most farmers today buy their food), the result would be a revolution, if anything more radical than that produced by Lenin and Hitler. Lots of economic heads would roll, too. And for a time food prices would go up, industrial employment would go down. The economic heads would scream, again with Jo Stoyte, "What happens to steel if you hurt the railroads and cut down trucking? You're going against progress, you're turning back the clock."

But the industrial unemployed in such a juncture would see in the country something more than another and a worse misery. They would see something a little closer to liberty and abundance. They might actually begin to think it worth while to look into this rural life business. . . . And as for getting them land: the popes haven't hesitated to use the power of eminent domain when their own big farmers became too tempted by the fleshpots of cash cropping.

But the green revolution hasn't taken place yet. Minute men here and there are getting together. The improvers are turning more and more realistic. The pages that follow describe a few of the straws that are beginning to shiver a little in the first puffs of a wind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Popes and Agriculture

A brief survey of papal documents relating to the soil and to the principles of rural life.

By Luigi G. Ligutti

ONE late afternoon in June, 1741, Pope Benedict XIV was walking slowly up the hill which leads to the main entrance of Castel Gandolfo, followed by a small retinue of officials. To the west was the setting sun; to the east the Pontine marshes; venerable trees guarded the massive masonry walls of the town; the cobblestone highway was flanked by closely packed shops and dwellings. As the Pope moved along, people knelt and were blessed, while the usual street urchins circulated about. A small group of men stepped away from the wall where they had been awaiting the return of the Holy Father.

"Santo Padre," began the leader, and the Santo Padre stopped. He was a father as well as a king to his people—"if you want an honest man, elect me," he had said at the conclave.

The grievance was briefly stated: land owners had forbidden the poor people to exercise their immemorial right of gleaning in the harvested fields. A fatherly assurance of Christian justice and charity, a few consoling words, a blessing, and "the honest man" passed through the portals of the castle.

In May, 1742, and again in May, 1751, this same Pontiff issued edicts in response to the complaints of the Gandolfian peasants. The Biblical custom of gleaning was to continue and could be freely exercised.

This story is told in one of Tomasetti's four large volumes that contain a veritable treasure for any one interested in Catholic ideas and attitudes on rural life. This work quotes no less than 240 papal documents concerning agriculture — edicts, bulls, *motu proprios*—from 1493 to 1870. Another invaluable work of reference is that by Nicola M. Nicolaj, "Memorie, leggi e osservazioni," published in Rome in 1803, which contains a complete set of papal regulations on the subject and even detailed financial accounts of the production, sales and expenditures in various farming units in the Campagna.

A short article for popular reading cannot, of course, do justice to the subject of papal pronouncements on this question. A complete study and editing of the texts of such pronouncements would form a valuable historical project to be undertaken by students of agrarian economic history. I single out a few specimens in the paragraphs that follow, and as the reader considers them, he should bear in mind the philosophical, theological, social and economic implications of such practical and specific rulings.

There is an edict of Sixtus IV (*1484), followed by one of Julius II (*1513), which relates to the property rights of land owners. The proprietors of large estates had decided that it was less troublesome and less expensive to pasture most of their land. Fewer laborers were needed and more horse flesh could be raised. As a result the poor people suffered from unemployment and even from hunger, while productive fields lay idle. It was a case where it was necessary to put into practice the natural law that the resources of the world were created by God for all human beings to work at and enjoy. So, exercising the right of eminent domain, the two Popes ruled that one-third of the untilled land might be occupied by landless peasants for purposes of cultivation without the necessity for securing any permission from the legal owners of that land. Naturally such edicts did not suit the pleasure of large land owners, so Adrian VI (*1523) and Clement VII (*1534) had to renew these edicts.

During the reign of the latter Pope, the Colonna faction, together with other land owners, employed a lawyer, Batisto Casali, to plead their cause. He is described as "facondo" in his powers of eloquence. He read a polished oration before the Holy Father. It was filled with sophistry and it went as far as accusing the Pope of Lutheranism because of the Pope's "freedom of tilling" decision.

A later Pontiff, Sixtus V (*1590), who is said to have been a swineherd when he was a boy and who threw away his crutches when he was elected Pope, in speaking of unjust and greedy land owners, said: "The best sacrifice one can offer to God is *fulminare i scellerati.*" That puts one in mind a little of the Irish priest who is said to have told a penitent, who had accused himself of murdering his landlord, to go out and commit a *mortal* sin.

A few other items

Here is a selection of other decrees which may be suggestive to the reader:

Our friends of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would find consolation in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pronouncement of February 13, 1561, by the then Cardinal Camerlengo, relating to "il Tiro delle bufale," which incidentally forbids the overloading of oxen.

Some of us priests who milk a cow, keep poultry, or care for a vegetable garden, may find authority for our actions in a statement by Pope Clement VIII (*1605), who declared that it was "licit and permissible" for clerics to pursue agriculture.

Paul V, on October 6, 1608, decreed that oxen could not be mortgaged and that a peasant could not be kept in prison for debt at seeding or harvesting time.

Those who find themselves troubled with animal pests of all sorts will find comfort in a "bando," dated February 10, 1688, by Cardinal Cybo, ordering and directing the extermination of crickets. Mice and rats came in for equally severe treatment by Cardinal Ottoboni, on June 7, 1690.

Those who were hoarding grain and other agricultural products for speculative purposes were severely reprimanded by Papal order through Cardinal Colonna, on December 19, 1759, and appropriate penalties were attached to such offences and to increases in prices.

In 1725, Pope Benedict XIII made arrangements for paying sick benefits to farm laborers.

On September 23, 1765, Cardinal Rezzonico issued regulations for the extension of credit for the purchase of seeds.

The last specific Papal action relating to agriculture is dated August 23, 1870. It orders the conservation of trees along the banks of the Tiber within twelve miles of Rome, and reminds one of the bull of Sixtus IV (January 22, 1587) which deals with the upkeep and care of rural bridges, roads and wayside springs. But the Papal document *par excellence* on agriculture is the *motu proprio* of September 15, 1802, issued by Pius VII. Here are two of its salient passages:

> Agriculture is the first and most important of all arts; so it is also the first and true riches of states. . . .
>
> To render onerous the conditions of the tiller of the soil tends to restrict his activities and rural industry, so We attempted to reduce anything prejudicial to the interest of agriculture.

The wisdom of farming as a way of life and the necessity for diversified farming is well set forth in a paragraph of this *motu proprio*: "Agriculture embraces all rural economy: i.e., a varied [diversified] production so that one failing the others will supply the needs."

Leo XIII, in 1891, said: "Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which is their own"; Pius VII, in 1802, wrote: "The product of hired hands [referring to migrant workers] is not as good as that of the owner of the land." At the time of the issuance of this *motu proprio* a graduated land tax was applied to the proprietors in the Agro Romano so as to effect a reduction in the size of farms, but Pius VII carefully pointed out that "not all will be cured by this taxation method." The provisions he made for a resettlement project in the perennially reclaimed Pontine marshes should call forth the admiration of people today: "No settlement is to be established in an out of the way place. Social surroundings must be considered and properly planned." Good water for man and beast must be available. The roads must be wide. A parish church must be established, and for a period of years no tithes are to be paid and no emoluments of any sort are to be paid to the pastor. The Holy See was prepared to provide for his support. A house for the doctor was to be built and medical services to be rendered free of charge. Provisions were to be made for orphans of original settlers. Those who needed hospitalization were to be provided for in Roman hospitals. When more land was to be reclaimed and new units added, the married sons of settlers were to be given preference.

We have heard of Mary Arnold's using model houses for the teaching of building methods in Father Tompkins's Nova Scotia cooperative housing project. A splendid idea, but not altogether new! Pius VII ordered that settlers be given models of their houses and that they be instructed and supervised in the process of building them. Prizes were offered for the best designs of houses and wells. Artists were encouraged to produce new agrarian utensils. Tree nurseries were to be established for shade and fruit trees.

It is interesting to visit Littoria, Mussolini's greatest work of peace, and to see the ideas of Pius VII actually being worked out.

Some may think that since 1870 the Popes have forgotten agriculture. Here are a few sentences from an informal talk delivered by Pius XI in January, 1938, before 2,500 Italian rural priests who had won prizes in "the battle of the grain":

> Your work has been recognized as a priestly work integrating the other work which you carry on among the rural population . . . the works of assistance . . . good advice . . . fatherly help . . . that work which is as important because it is for the conservation of this golden mass which is the rural population of every country. . . . I learned to know and to love this population of the fertile plains, of the rich valleys, of the smiling hills, of the sublime mountains. . . . It is most praiseworthy for you rural priests to spend yourselves in the service of the spinal chord of the country . . . in the service of these who are accustomed to daily work from dawn to sunset . . . who partake of frugal and measured food . . . they who are the producers of every gift of God . . . during the battle of the grain you have been to them the fathers, the guides, the counselors, the models, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teachers. . . . Your mission is to be present where the glory of God is at stake . . . for the welfare of men who are made up of body and soul. . . . Their bodily welfare should also be your care because it redounds to a most beneficial influence in the spiritual order. . . . You do well to work among the rural population which deserves your efforts even though it remains the part of the work which is more modest, less glamorous, but where abound these little ones of God, these poor in the Lord, these friends of Jesus Christ.

Taming Wild Roses

New techniques of hybridization open new doors for man's enrichment of life.

By George M. A. Schoener

WHEN ONE studies the constancy of species, one gets into a labyrinth of natural science, which involves not only the flora of the world, but its fauna as well. Thus it is that the species sparrow breeds true, and that the sparrow of today is the same as the sparrow of hundreds of years ago. So it is with certain wild species of roses such as the dog rose, *Rosa canina, Rosa rubiginosa,* the Scotch Sweetbriar and *Rosa nutkana,* found so profusely in Oregon. The question arises: can two species, entirely different from each other, be hybridized successfully?

We admit today that Abbot Mendel's great work opened the pathway to a better understanding of genetics, or, in plain English, to mathematically correct plant-breeding methods. With his principles of heredity correctly applied, the experienced hybridizer is in a position, after he has selected his two parent plants, to use them as mother and father and formulate for himself a definite goal from a combination of their opposite characteristics, having in mind, of course, a goal which is in accordance with the particular characteristics of the two plants in question, usually a blend of both, combining the best characteristics of each.

Suppose we take the Oregon species of wild rose, *Rosa nutkana,* because of its exceptional floriferousness and sparkling pink color which is, however, combined with very low growth and very small flowers. The rose to be used as pollen parent will be the old-fashioned French garden rose, Paul Neyron, also known as the cabbage rose, an old centifolia, and hence having an oversupply of petals. We shall now discover whether *Rosa nutkana,* used as the seed, or mother, plant on which to try the collected pollen of the pedigreed rose Paul Neyron as father plant, will take this pollen, or whether it will verify the old belief as to the constancy of species, making the attempted hybridization impossible, no matter how promising it may have looked.

My late cousin and I tried, at Brooks, Oregon, to get a fine break between *Rosa nutkana* and Paul Neyron, even managing around Easter of 1911 to achieve as many as 1,500 pollinizations of the wild rose with pollen of Paul Neyron. However, not a single one took effect, or, in other words, grew out into a ripe seed hip. It looked like a verification of the constancy of species; the wild rose refused the pollen of another species or variety.

Yet why?

Any practiced observer of the genus rosa, and indeed, casual layman can easily detect the directly opposite characters of the various species of roses, especially by their distinct foliage, there being one, three, five, seven, nine, eleven and even seventeen foliate species of roses. Yet all species of the genus rosa originated from a common stock of a one foliated species, such as *Rosa Persica,* or *Rosa prima.* This indicates most plainly that environment over thousands of years has brought about, under different soil and climatic conditions, specific types which became permanent and remained in future true to their type, which we now call "constant." At the same time it is plain to us that a geographic migration must have taken place before it was possible that environmental conditions could bring about a mutation of characters, and much time must have elapsed before those characters became fixed, or completely constant, and again branched out into thousands of further species throughout the four continents of the northern hemisphere.

Let us return to Brooks, Oregon, and the experiment. *Rosa nutkana* simply refused to take the pollen of Paul Neyron, just as a hen would refuse to mate with a cat. In order to verify this phenomenon of nature still further and to a final convincing conclusion, we continued our pollinations on other species and with other pollen, but whenever we tried to hybridize a wild species with pollen from a pedigreed rose or from another species, we failed—no hybridized rose hips resulted from the pollination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mendel's principles of heredity had here become impotent. We certainly saw that the characteristics we wanted were inheritable, but only for the species involved. In our careful research, we had learned this much: that we must approach the matter of hybridization from some other angle. We had, indeed, learned that the pollen of wild roses is potent on other roses, including pedigreed varieties. But the old finding that it is the mother plant which is responsible for type and general character of the offsprings, or seedlings, clung tenaciously.

Now, according to Mendelian principles, in the germs and sperms, the male and female elements of the rose flower, there are numerous genes or inheritance units which segregate in the *mitosis* process, recombining with each other into manifold ways to produce a combination of characters. To foster this combination of genes is the aim of the hybridizer. This is the reason he is so anxious to test out which species and varieties will mate suitably with each other, and in certain instances overcome the constancy of species. My goal had been to leave all the individual characteristics of *Rosa nutkana* intact, but also to get a larger flower of better habit for the garden.

It was necessary that we delve deeper into the secrets of nature. We asked ourselves this important question: If Mendel's principles of heredity suppose that we can bring about changes and combinations of valuable characters in two species if we apply the pollen of one to the other even in the first generation, and therefore no longer need to wait for many years until environmental growing conditions bring about that change (Darwin's idea was that thousands of years passed before a nominal change was possible, a supposition which we now call foolish and which was actually the deathbed of strict Darwinism), were there not, we asked ourselves, other means for a further development of plant characters, and even the origination of species? We knew that in the segregation of characters in the mitosis process of procreation lay the heart of Mendel's findings, but the fact remained that the splitting up of the genera into the thousands of species still remained a mystery to us.

Another way

A study of the *somatogenic* sapflow and its action on *biogenic* growth, including the somatogenic sapflow on the female organs of the rose, that is, in the formation of a seedhip and in the germs and even in the genes, seemed to make clear that the whole growth (fed and being kept up by osmosis, or intake of nourishment in a solution form) depended on this sapflow, or, technically speaking, somatogenic growth—in the course of the season influencing the biogenic growth, the gradual development of the flower and then the development of a seed hip with seeds that would germinate and develop into new plants. So I made about a dozen good-size cuttings from Paul Neyron in mid-October and rooted them in good sand, using pots about 12 inches deep in order to have sufficient sand. After the cuttings had calloused in February, they were set out in rows. Then I had my Paul Neyron Rose on its own roots. The next summer, when my plants had become sturdy, I budded the wild species, *Rosa nutkana,* on them, thus using the pedigreed rose as the budding-stock for the wild species. The following year the wild rose bloomed on the tame budding stock.

It does not take much knowledge of either botany or biology for even the laymen to understand that all the lifesap for the growth of *Rosa nutkana* on Paul Neyron as its budding-stock came from osmosis through the root into the whole plant, and hence *Rosa nutkana* naturally shared its life with its budding stock in every function of growth. After *Rosa nutkana* began to bloom on Paul Neyron, we again pollinated the wild rose with pollen of Paul Neyron. The wild species, *Rosa nutkana,* was influenced from the root system of Paul Neyron in the ground, and now also with pollen of Paul Neyron on the small *nutkana* wild roses. This time the pollen took effect, united in mitosis, and ripened into a perfect fruit. Since the resulting seedling, though bearing a single flower, but very much larger, was of strong growth, it was plain that Paul Neyron in its individual characteristic, acted in this case as dominant. But the important thing in this instance is that the constancy of species was broken, and hence a new way to develop roses had been found. The best of the resulting seedlings was named *Schoener's Nutkana.*

Applying this

After having learned that the constancy of species can be broken as between roses, I realized that this was also possible with species of other genera, such as the genus malus, the apple, such a near relative to the genus rosa, and even with pirus and prunus, the pear and the prune, in case our goal were a new fruit.

It was in the year 5 B.C. that the Roman soldiers under Germanicus, as Tacitus relates, reached what we call today the northern part of Germany, and in the forest of Teutoburg they found a fruit which was new to them. It was small and tasted sour, and yet not altogether unpleasant; nevertheless they called it "malus" (bad). What was this fruit? It was a crab apple, and to this very day the botanical terminology for the apple as a genus is "malus."

What the Romans found was far from the highly cultivated apple of today. It was only a wild species—a crab apple. How did it reach its present day perfection? Through the selection of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the more outstanding species and the final breeding of these outstanding ones with each other and again selection from the resulting seedlings of the very best, gradually the size of the fruit began to improve as well as its flavor and keeping quality.

We do not know how long it took before the fully domesticated apple of today was developed, but this we do know: in the early middle ages in Europe the apple was known in a perfection almost similar to the apple of today. Through the modern science of plant genetics we have learned for sure that in less than ten years a fair wild apple species, a crabapple, can be developed into a good size and well tasting variety, approaching in perfection the best known apples. This has been tested out by more than one authority on apple breeding. I will only name the well-known Professor, Dr. N. E. Hansen of the South Dakota State College, Brookings, South Dakota, who did wonders with Siberian crab-apple species in his endeavor to advance fruit culture in the more northern states of the Union. He has paved the road into an immense field for horticulture.

But, what has all this to do with an edible rose fruit of apple size? Very much indeed! In the first place the genera of malus and rosa are in their botanic origins closely related, and hence hybridization between them is remotely possible. We know for certain that there is in India, in the higher mountain regions of Burma, a species of rose, *Rosa macrocarpa Watt,* or, to translate the Greek word *macrocarpa* into plain English, the large fruited rose. What is to hinder us from developing out of this wild rose species a fully domesticated fruit for our California conditions, or for wherever the climate is warm enough and fully suitable for it?

Suppose one succeeds in a crossing between the Spitzenberg apple and the *Rosa macrocarpa Watt.* It can hardly fail that the combination will be a good one. The question in this case will not be so much a new rose of the *macrocarpa* type, nor another Spitzenberg apple, but a plant with a perfect characteristic growth of *Rosa macrocarpa,* plus a fully apple-size fruit with apple characteristics, especially with regard to seed and the fleshy part of the fruit. Former experiments with *Rosa pomifera* and the Spitzenberg apple have convinced me that my goal is possible. But let us suppose the combination between these two opposite genera of the familia rosacea would be impossible, we still know that the rose fruit of *Rosa macrocarpa* is apple size and is edible even without hybridization. The fact also stands firm that *Rosa macrocarpa* is not the only one which bears a well-tasting fruit. *Rosa rugosa Thunbergi* bears a large round fruit of a most beautiful crimson color and very fine to eat.

If we will only begin to study analytic botany, we will come to the conclusion that Mother Nature holds out to us many unsolved riddles and that their solution often turns out of very great benefit.

Production at Home

What you can produce on a suburban homestead — if you know how.

By **Hiram Merriman**

THIS IS a personal record; not a scientific study.

My family and I, purely as a part time activity on less than two acres of land produce for home use and sale to our neighbors and to others in Suffern, our New York City suburb, vegetables, poultry products and milk giving us a net yearly profit of about $1,000. This has solved the economic problem arising from our desire to live in the country and has given us a rich sense of security. We work along certain principles which seem to me all important; these principles will come later, just now I will go into a few facts and figures.

Growing vegetables for home use is a simple and common activity. A professional market gardener must deal with sprays and science and worry over speculative prices; I garden as does the Arkansas farmer, or putting it in more expensive words, on the economy-of-abundance principle. One year we kept close record of everything produced in the garden. It came to a total value of $155. Expenses were $25 for plowing and seed and share of land cost, the land used being about a third of an acre. This worked out at around 50 cents an hour for our time; not a high wage, but a garden is also real relaxation and fun. Our naturally poor land is now rich thanks to a plentiful supply of poultry manure. Seeds are cheap; so each year we plant a lot of rows of everything and do a minimum of work, and as a result we have all we can eat of many varieties of vegetables and enough left over for friends who come out from the city to take a basketful with them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last year we sold to a local store a little fresh corn and our surplus tomatoes. The coming year I am going to try raising a half acre of corn for sale, because it is easily and simply raised and because no science can take the place of freshness in green corn; it ought to be easy to sell.

Science

Science comes in in preservation of vegetables for winter use. We have a root cellar. Alas for human imperfection! This year I got my potatoes and carrots only as far as the garage, where many of them froze one cold week; fifteen minutes more work would have saved them all. Canning is where we shine and save. We have a sturdy kitchen machine, the Kitchen-Aid (not a department store egg beater) which through its many attachments makes an electric motor do in a few moments the work our grandmothers toiled at many an hour. We use it for many, many things. It cost $125. Even before the installments were paid, we had got back the cost of this machine, which will continue to give service for years. Our tomatoes we put in the machine, unpeeled, and out comes the tomato juice.

Another simple and inexpensive hand machine crimps cans, just as a bigger machine does it in the factory, and we have each fall 200 quart cans of tomatoes and tomato juice, at less than one-half the cost if we bought them at the store. We pay for no transportation costs, no high-powered sales programs with our tomato juice; that's why we can beat the factory. Corn we dry and can, also lima beans and a few other vegetables. String beans, however, we buy fresh in the winter; here is one case where the market gardener can do us a service. But the great bulk of our vegetables are of our own production.

We preserve fruits by similar labor-saving machine processes—peaches and cherries and others. I am a lazy and shiftless person, or we would have our own fruit trees in bearing now. However, our county raises fruit and this we can buy from the producer cheap, paying for a bushel of peaches what an apartment dweller pays for a dozen. Good fruit, for our purpose, we can have for nothing, or in exchange for a dozen eggs. This fruit is too ripe and full of flavor to stand transportation and holding in a store window for days, but excellent for canning or preserving. Our can of peaches thus costs us 8 cents; for inferior quality in the city you would pay 17 cents at the efficient chain stores.

Pigs

Year before last I bought two little pigs and raised them to fatness, mostly because I like pigs and hoped the pleasure would cost us little. My wife dubbed them the "Golden Pigs," because of the amount of food they consumed; but when butchered, smoked and weighed, I found that we were $46 to the good. Pigs are simple and easy to raise. All they need is feed and water, cleanliness and a strong fence for their little pen. Pig-tight the fence must be, or crises will come often. When the time came, we hired a man who knew how to butcher the grown hogs and smoke the hams, bacon and side meat.

Here are the tabulated figures:

2 pigs bought at $4	$ 8.00	
Feed to maturity	21.00	
Butchering and dressing	4.00	(hired)
Curing and smoking	2.00	(hired)
Depreciation pen, etc.	4.00	
Total cost	$39.00	
Value of meat	85.00	
Net income	$46.00	

We bought bacon-type pigs, well past weaning, and used all bought feed. Farmers in the Middle West getting 13 cents an hour for their labor produced our feed. Costs can be cut one-third by using surplus vegetables, scraps, etc. The value of the meat given above is based on ordinary store prices, though home-cured hams such as ours sell in New York for as much as 85 cents a pound. In every respect we had much better meat than a family of our income could afford to buy.

When we moved to Suffern we had few neighbors. Since then our vicinity has become populated, and there were some murmurs about pig-raising; so last year we had no pigs. Recently economic storms have raged around some of those near us, and this coming year they, and ourselves, will raise pigs. To me a pig is pure pleasure. No nonsense about life's meaning to him. He keeps his feet on the ground, and his nose in the trough, and seems to sense his proper place in the eternal scheme.

Goats

We do not own a cow. A neighbor has a cow and sells us surplus milk, an informal cooperative. We are raising two pure bred goats, which will give us milk the coming year. To produce your own milk supply, in a region where land is high priced and feed is brought in, you need high-producing stock, which must be bought young because then it is available at a price you can afford to buy. So we had to wait for milk two years until our little kids matured and became fruitful. I will give you a friend's figures. He gets 3 quarts a day of rich, clean goat milk (female goats, contrary to grandmother tales, have no odor and are the cleanest of domestic animals) which costs him 6 cents a quart and a few minutes a day, and for which you who live in the city would have to pay 60 cents a quart, if you are wealthy enough to buy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goat's milk from Borden. Unlike vegetables, goats need a little knowledge, which you must pick up as you go along.

Poultry

Our great economic triumph is our poultry flock. We are finishing this hen-year with a net income of $750 from our 175 pullets after all expenses and depreciation and share of land cost are deducted. Here we use one all-important principle to which I referred at the beginning of this tale—modern science. Millions of families keep a few hens. On a large farm they can pick up their living at little cost. In our region, where feed must be purchased, I wager that three-fourths of the people who produce their own eggs pay more for them than fresh eggs would cost if purchased. This is largely because they buy ordinary chicks. During the past ten years the improvements in poultry breeding have far surpassed those in any other branch of animal husbandry. The average annual production in this country is still about 105 eggs per pullet. This just about covers the cost of feed. Our production is always above 200 eggs. This stock is available and college extension men can find them for you.

We produce eggs at 15 cents a dozen, some years less. If we raised just enough poultry for our own consumption we could do the same, but we have found that the additional labor to raise enough for retail sale pays us well. The demand for fresh eggs is unlimited, and the supply is not as large as you may believe. The grade-A egg you buy at your high-class grocery store is by law an egg *not more* than a month old and may be far from a fresh egg. We sell about half our production at the door, without signs or other advertising; the remainder I deliver in two hours of a Saturday afternoon to people who appreciate my product and have become our friends. If we wished, we could sell these eggs at a much higher price to wealthier people, but we are satisfied with our own method.

Our second principle is that our market is at our door; we pocket what the large poultryman in far places pays for transportation and distribution through many hands. Our feed, however, we buy because it can be more cheaply produced —by poorly paid labor it is true—in the Middle West, even though in this case we are the ones who pay the freight.

We have found there is not a great deal of really hard labor required; we have also found that party or no party the night before, one of us must be up at the winter dawn to carry warm water for a hen that wants a drink the first thing when she steps from the roost. It is true that then we can go back to bed for another nap.

We find that we get as income for our time between 75 cents and $1 an hour, and this time can be expended at odd hours between other duties. While listening to the radio in the evening I can just as well candle and brush eggs, so why not accept that income?

We have found that it costs about a dollar to raise a chick to maturity, and when this bird's laying period is gone, we can get $1.50 to $2.00 for that hen as meat. Feed for a laying hen costs between $2.00 and $2.50 a year. We get from that hen 17 dozen fresh eggs, for which we get a minimum of 40 cents a dozen and a maximum —in the fall and early winter—of 50 cents, and we could get more. Our cockerels give us a small profit, varying as to whether we sell them retail or in a bunch to the commission man. Our net profit on hens, after all capital expense is deducted, is around $4.50 a bird. Your big-time poultryman in Ohio or upstate New York, with his 2,000 hens, must know his business better than the average if he makes a dollar a bird.

The results

We have found that to satisfy our longing to live in the country, to achieve some security there, we do not have to live as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. Our surroundings are not primitive, neither is our toil so harsh as to numb our joy in living, though there is plenty of work to do.

City people are queer. They ask us how we heat our house, if we have a furnace, how we get our mail, how our boy gets to school! It seems to us we live in luxury, in many ways. Last spring we had twenty friends out for a picnic. One of our big plump hams, homemade bread and salad made a feast and the cost was little. Hospitality is now possible to us.

We have an Aga cookstove, made under Swedish patents, that cost at the beginning at least half as much as a new automobile, but with $1.50 a month for fuel will serve us for a life-time and makes baking and cooking a satisfaction as well as an economy. Its oven, ready at baking temperature 24 hours a day, is as scientifically constructed as the laboratory furnace, and my wife's pies and cakes do not burn on the bottom. To make our friends think we were rich, we bought an electric dishwasher at a time when a bargain appeared, but it is really only a gadget.

My wife works harder than she should, in my belief harder than she needs, but she finds little to take her to the city even when I insist, promising the work will be done while she is gone. My boy is learning self-reliance. As for myself, our security and extra home-produced income have made it possible for me to be far more free and independent in my choice of city work, which, of course, must continue, for we are not and do not plan to be completely self-sufficient. But we have a freedom we never knew before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March 1st

What a mere date can mean to a tenant farm family that has to move.

By C. Edward Wolf

MARCH 1ST! For many people this is just the first day of the month when spring begins—the month when the reversible adage about the lion and the lamb is sometimes verified. But for farm people it has another significance. This is moving day on the farm.

Across the section from here the Gambles are doing the same thing they did a year ago today —moving. Before noon I expect to see a truck go by on the highway piled with tables, chairs, dressers and every kind of household article. And when I see it I'll know that Bill Gamble and his family have moved away. I assure you I won't cheer when I see Bill and his family go, for they have become a part of this community and they are leaving us for good.

Of course, one might act learned about it all and think of Bill's leaving in terms of numbers and percentages. After all, the Gambles are only one family in thousands like them. More than fifteen thousand Iowa families are doing the same thing today as the Gambles—moving. Most of them are just leaving one farm to take up residence on another, but many of them will not be moving to another farm. When they go this morning, they will leave one farm deserted and the buildings empty for someone else to occupy, but tonight there won't be an empty house on another farm for them and their belongings. Where will they go? To a town, I suppose, then through bankruptcy and finally on relief. That is the usual process by which a tenant is liquidated.

But it doesn't console me in the least to know that Bill Gamble's plight is multiplied thousands of times today throughout the state and nation. In fact, I am impatient with the thought. I don't think all the tables and graphs in the world can give as strong and moving an argument against tenancy as can be got by sympathetic observation of a renter in the act of moving his family and possessions from one farm to another. Statistics are only skeletons of truth, and they tell no more about the depths of the truth they illustrate than a skeleton tells about the contour of the body it once supported.

Perhaps I am privileged to feel so keenly about the Gambles because their experience today has been ours more than once in the past. I see pain and anguish in numerous little things which go quite unnoticed by others who have not shared in the experience of moving. And it may well be that my observation is sharpened and my reactions quickened by the knowledge that our own position in this regard is none too secure. We too are tenants, and the threat of someday being forced out of our present home and community hangs menacingly over us.

Notice

Six weeks ago I talked to Gamble and his wife and they told me they had to move. Early in the fall the loan company which owned the farm served notice to vacate the place on the first day of March, but Bill's neighbors told him he needn't worry because the loan company had served the same notice on all its tenants. The lease would be renewed, they told him, unless the place were sold, and that was unlikely. But the place was sold, and in January Gamble was notified that he must move and give the farm over to its new owner on March 1st.

That was in January with less than eight weeks left to find another place and move to it. Gamble was desperate. All the available farms Bill could think of were either rented or certain to be rented by known parties. He would not hear of selling his equipment and moving to town. That would be certain death.

Gamble and his wife spent days touring the country looking for a farm. Mrs. Gamble told me how hopeless and discouraging the whole thing seemed. Each evening when she and her husband returned from their fruitless search, the children would meet her at the door and anxiously ask: "Did you find a place, Mother?" But the answer was always the same. They had found none.

When I talked to them six weeks ago, the Gambles still had no prospect of finding a place. I hated to be so frank, even in my thoughts, but it seemed to me that Bill's chances were very poor. Renters seeking places were too numerous—more numerous than places, I suspected.

But sometime within the past six weeks Bill found a farm and today he is leaving for his new home.

I know how he must feel about it. From a financial standpoint Gamble has a great deal to worry about. Moving is a profitless expense, no matter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how short the distance, and Bill's new place is more than eighty miles from here. It will probably cost him three hundred dollars to move his stock, machinery and furniture.

But that will be only the beginning. Bill's new place is twice as large as his present one. In moving from one place to a larger one, renters like Bill find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage. More machinery is required to cultivate the land thoroughly, and more livestock is needed to consume the increased amount of roughage which otherwise goes to waste. All this means a considerable outlay of cash, and yet men like Bill do not have it, and cannot get it without borrowing, until the first year's crop is harvested and the increase on the livestock is sold. The profit from the smaller place left over from the previous year is quite inadequate; borrowing entails the payment of high interest.

And even if Bill has the necessary cash on hand, there is still reason for anxiety. Bill does not know how long he will be allowed to stay on his new farm, and if he invests his savings in machinery and livestock and then finds that he must move again next year, he will be forced to dispose of some of it without any profit and possibly at a loss. The cards, it seems, are stacked against him from beginning to end.

More important to me, however, and certainly as deserving of my sympathy, are the heartaches that go with breaking old ties and establishing new ones. Bill Gamble and his wife are well liked in this neighborhood. Their honesty and sincerity are known and respected. Of course, Bill and his wife will eventually find their place in the community to which they are going, but it will take time to win the confidence of their new neighbors. In the meantime, they will be lonesome, friendless strangers.

It was quite different here. The Gambles' telephone is connected to our party line, and we used to hear Mrs. Gamble call her nearest neighbor asking if she might borrow a little flour or the ice cream freezer. At another time we would hear the same neighbor calling Gamble's, asking to use the hayrack or asking Bill to help him put up hay—all with an air of familiarity and confidence. And last winter, when their little daughter was stricken with a sudden attack of appendicitis, Mrs. Gamble called here in a raging blizzard asking us to take her to the doctor because their own car wouldn't run and she thought we were the only ones who could get to their place with an automobile. Nothing short of physical impossibility could have prevented us from going on that errand of mercy because, well—because they were our neighbors. It will be some time before they will feel free enough to ask their new neighbors for a favor like that without at the same time feeling they owe something in return.

The other members of the family will also feel a sense of loss at parting, but the anguish of it will affect them in different ways. For the son, I know a romance, a noble one, is being crushed when it should be allowed to take its natural course. The oldest daughter will not be able to graduate with her classmates as she would have liked to have done. Perhaps she won't be able to graduate at all this year. The curriculum may be so different in the new school that she may not be able to complete her course of study this year.

The younger children too will have their griefs and pains. They will have to part with their playmates at school and the teacher to whom they have become so attached. There won't be any more picnics down by the river in summer and skating in the wintertime. There probably won't even be any river where they are going. We are sometimes tempted to look upon children's griefs and disappointments as if they really didn't matter. Children forget things quickly and they readily adapt themselves to new situations. Yet I think we should realize that children are capable of adapting themselves to changes of environment precisely because their young minds are so plastic and impressionable, and although a child may give the outward appearance of being none the worse for wear, within him those early impressions are forming into a pattern which will motivate in one way or another all the actions of his future. I wonder if Bill Gamble's children will care to be farmers now that their early impressions of farming are so unpleasant?

By this time I suppose Bill has loaded nearly all his things onto the truck—tables, chairs, the stove and a host of odds and ends. It shouldn't take him long, because all the neighbors are there helping—a final gesture of goodwill on their part. I would be over there helping too if Bill had not insisted that I really wasn't needed. But I'll get to see Bill and his wife and the whole family before they go. Mother is going to give them a good warm dinner at our house before they start out.

Until Tomorrow

Child, no heart for toys!
For at the window bright, bright beauty lingers
Where a viewless shaft of sun destroys
Its dark self on the air,
Dashed to a silt-drift there,
And light! light! light! is tempting rosy fingers.

Ah, child, as well back to your other play!
Here is the moth and rust,
And beauty cannot be
For this frail crust;
The light you feel for not yet visible,
And what you see
Intangible and flotsam dust.

WALTER J. ONG, S.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By-Products of a Community Garden

There have been many US community garden projects; Madison, Wisconsin, has one of the more successful.

By Karl Detzer

ONE DAY last November, Charles J. Birt, secretary of the Madison, Wisconsin, Community Union, answered his telephone, heard an eager voice say: "Listen, Charley. This is Joe Small. Put me down for a garden right away."

"Plenty of time, Joe," Birt replied. "We don't even start plowing for five months."

"Sure," Joe said. "But remember, don't leave me out. I got to start early. I'm going in for crop rotation next year."

Joe is one of Madison's 405 citizens who in 1939 raised $20,000 worth of vegetables in eight community garden tracts scattered across the town. His own plot of borrowed land measures exactly 50 by 100 feet, like all the other 404 gardens. From it last year, by hard work and enthusiasm, he supplied his family with fresh vegetables all summer, and his wife canned enough to last all winter, too.

Gardens pay

Like most Madison growers, Joe knows that his small garden pays big dividends, does not intend to let it escape from him. Like most, he has a large family, could not possibly feed it on his limited income from part-time work. Value of the gardens, however, cannot be measured in dollars alone. Public health is improved when low-income families get fresh green food and are kept in the sun all summer. More important, the morale of hundreds of self-respecting poor is bolstered by letting them grow their own food instead of having to accept relief rations.

Cost of the 405 gardens last year was $300, paid by the Community Union, and eight months' wages for one WPA employee.

When young Charley Birt, go-getting community chest secretary, fathered the gardens in 1932, some 600 other towns were trying the same experiment. Most failed due to lack of funds or suitable land, or to ineptness of urban laborers on the soil. In many communities the WPA took over the gardens, still operates them, pays workers by the hour to raise and can vegetables for distribution through relief channels. Cost of food thus produced often equals retail prices of similar grades at the corner grocery, but Madison last year grew nearly $60 worth of vegetables for every dollar spent. Each summer since 1932 the city has increased its acreage, its number of gardeners, the tonnage, value and quality of its crop.

"Our people grow things because they like to," Birt explains. "It isn't just 'made work' to them. It's fun and excitement. They can see the results, which belong to them personally, not to a hazy thing called 'the government.' They make a game of gardening, and there's a lot of rivalry about who will raise the largest potatoes, or will harvest the first batch of peas, and who has the prettiest border of flowers."

Lent by owners

The eight tracts are lent by owners who are holding the land for investment. They range from a block of vacant lots, cut into 20 gardens, to the largest project of 115 plots. All are located in parts of town convenient to people who pay low rents.

Yet "no stigma of 'welfare' or 'relief' attaches to these gardens," Birt points out. "Anyone may have one if he treats it right. We have plenty of land. So the unemployed, the small wage earner, and now and then some man with a good job, all work side by side. Rich and poor, black and white, they all have equal amounts of soil, sun and rain. It's a good example of democracy in action."

Some people objected last spring when a university professor took a garden and worked in it each day from dawn till noon. The complaint was that a man with money enough to buy all the food he needed should not cost the community money. (His share of the project, by the way, cost 70 cents.) Objectors did not know that the professor was giving his crops to a family in his neighborhood which otherwise would have been on relief. The summer's job did wonders to his waistline.

The crop

Last season the gardeners raised 3,727 bushels of potatoes, 1,140 pumpkins, 9,800 heads of cabbage, 1,385 bushels of beans. Italian families go in heavily for squashes, Negroes often grow yams. Lately the Italians have been introducing their Negroes to squash, and teaching them how to cook it. Negroes repay them by showing them how to raise and serve yams. Germans and Negroes, Finns and Russians, Poles and Italians swap recipes and delicacies, teach each other how to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raise better vegetables. There's democracy in that, too.

The gardeners maintain order and enforce the rules in their own tracts, rarely have to call on either the police or their friend Charley Birt for aid. They know that they will lose their land if they are caught selling vegetables, stealing their neighbors' produce, or letting weeds grow in their own plots. For the latter, which is the crime of crimes, because weeds spread from poor gardens to good ones, they sometimes get punched by indignant neighbors. Last year no one was charged with stealing or selling, only half a dozen, after two warnings, were ejected for weeds. Other gardeners, assigned to their abandoned plots, were paid small sums to tend them, and turn the produce over to a local hospital.

Crop rotation, intensive cultivation, fertilizer from family garbage pails hoed into the soil, use of every square inch of land, coupled with the vigor and enthusiasm of the gardeners, result in immense yields, in spite of the fact that no water is piped to any of the gardens.

"We just got to take our chances of rain, like other farmers," one worker said. However, he was not doing exactly that. Each morning for a cloudless midsummer week, he and others had been out at sunrise, hoeing the night's dew into the soil. He raised an excellent crop.

Small as the gardens are, Madison's workers manage to find room in them for flowers. From spring till late fall all eight of the projects are checker-boards of bloom, with the individual lots outlined in narrow flower beds.

Any summer morning the streets leading to them are filled with families, from grandmothers to toddlers, carrying their tools and hurrying to work. They labor as family groups, each member doing his own part, each enjoying life in the sun, each feeling a sense of independence and of personal accomplishment.

Thus Charley Birt's gardens not only help solve Madison's economic problems and improve the public health, they encourage diligence, foster self-respect, speed the democratic process through neighborliness, and help the people knit closer their family ties.

Lake Badus Parish

By T. D. LYONS

LAKE BADUS was a beautiful small blue-water lake in Dakota Territory named by the Swiss immigrants who homesteaded there in the 70's and 80's. A Catholic church and priest's house were built in the vicinage, and, when a small boy, I often attended Mass there as a summer visitor of my three uncles and cousin Pat. My first taste of beer was at a Swiss wedding feast in that parish; and the awe and mystery of death were first impressed on my childish imagination at a burial in Lake Badus burying ground when I saw cousin Pat and uncle John Rei (an uncle by marriage) take the "lines" from their teams and place them under the rough-box to lower it into the grave. When the pall-bearers had reclaimed the lines, clods were vigorously shoveled into the grave, rattling sharply on the wood. It was the custom and necessity of that time. Later three of my small cousins died of scarlet fever within two days and uncle Will and cousin Pat had to bury them privately after nightfall in the Badus burying ground. Deckardeem's store on the lake bank furnished them two full quart bottles of much needed barrel whisky—quite irrespective of local prohibitory regulations.

The Badus parishioners were made up of Swiss (under the leadership of "King" Jake Mugli and suave Martin Berthier) and the families of about eighty-five Irishmen who had formed a wagon-train under the leadership of my father and had come to Sioux Falls from Iowa and Wisconsin in 1873 to file on land. Their post office was Prairie Queen, D. T.—it is now no more, but may be found on Dakota Territory maps.

Swiss and Irish

These Swiss and Irish Catholics were successful, energetic farmers on a large scale. Uncle John Rei (of Alsace-Lorraine lineage) had been a sergeant in "Pap" Thomas's army. He often told us the story of Zollicoffer's having been killed in single combat—I think at Mill Springs—by a Federal Colonel. The name Zollicoffer tickled the childish fancy. Uncle John was disappointed because our Barnes school history failed to chronicle this event or even the fight at Mill Springs, where he waded in icy water up to his arm-pits and was in the bayonet fighting.

These farmers had fine stock; shorthorn cattle, Berkshire hogs, magnificent draft horses—Norman-Percheron and Clydesdales. Uncle John imported King Humbert, a famed Percheron stallion that had an Arab strain, which gave his colts their "fire" and "clean bone."

My aunt Bridget was uncle John's wife and her garden was the pride of the Sioux valley. It was not a flower garden—although it showed some gorgeous geraniums and pinks—but gave to the cellar and the table five varieties of cabbage. Also "pickalily," cauliflower, yellow tomatoes, citron, currants and gooseberries. Potatoes were raised in a separate "patch" of about one acre. Picking them (about 150 bushels in one day) was a back-breaker. Pumpkins, watermelon and muskmelon grew in the corn-rows.

I frequently walked from uncle Will's to uncle Jere's—about three miles distance. There were no small fields of grain. Here were 160 acres all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in corn; next to it or across the section line 160 in waving barley or oats—a whole section, a square mile in glorious yellow wheat as high as a horse's shoulders, ripe and ready for cutting.

"I love the gold of newly shaven stubble, rolled, a royal carpet toward the sun, fit to be the pathway of a Deity."

Baseball priest

Father Flynn appeared suddenly one night at uncle John's and aunt Bridget's home. Uncle Will had ridden fast on his great race-horse Silver King twelve miles to Madison and brought the priest in a hurry behind one of Coon Klotzpaugh's crack livery teams. Father Flynn was a famed base-ball pitcher in the seminary and still umpired games between the Madison and Sioux Falls professional nines. He also decided *ex cathedra* on a famous occasion that it was no sin nor occasion of scandal to have a horse-race on Sunday between Black Hawk and Silver King. Bishop Marty, the apostle to the Sioux, did not overrule him. I had once sat in a buggy drawn by my father's prize Hambletonians and heard my father and Father Flynn talk of Parnell, Gladstone, Cleveland, Blaine, the two Harrisons—Carter and Benjamin—and of Henry George, Father McGlynn and the Pope, Leo XIII. The only disagreement seemed to come over the merits of Morgans and Hambletonians.

But this time I did not hear any of Father Flynn's conversation. We children were quickly packed into a lumber wagon bedded down with hay and taken over to uncle Jere's. Father Flynn had come to give the last sacraments to my grandmother, Ellen Whalen, born at Dungarvan in the County Waterford.

The Lake Badus parish always comes to my mind when I read in the "Lady of Shallott":

> Long fields of barley and of rye,
> Clothe the world and meet the sky,

Lake Badus has dried up; the lake bed, I understand, has been the subject of litigation involving questions of riparian ownership. It is forty years since I have seen the churchyard—I do not know if the church is still there—the magnificent farms were all but destroyed by drought and grasshoppers. But Lake Badus parish is to me in memory the ideal country parish; and to the born farmer's eye, still "fair as the garden of the Lord."

> I love my prairies—they are mine from Zenith to Horizon line,
> Clipping the world of sky and sod like the bended arm and wrist of God.
> I love their grasses; my restless eyes fasten on more of earth and air
> Than seashores furnish anywhere.

Hamlin Garland knew them; he too lived in Dakota Territory.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

DOROTHY THOMPSON in her syndicated article of February 19 quotes as a text for her valuable remarks on "Propaganda, Slogans and the Distrust of Words" the remarkable statement made by John Chamberlain in a recent issue of the *New Republic* reporting the conclusion the latter had reached after an extensive tour of the country talking with and to "youth groups" about the war. Mr. Chamberlain says: "The boys and girls tend to distrust all slogans, all tags—*even all words.* They will not easily fall for any crusader unless his promises can be translated into jobs, security, prospects for the future, a chance to study and learn and an extension of traditional American civil liberties." If Mr. Chamberlain is right in his judgment—and if what he says really represents the prevailing mood among any considerable number of American young people—then it would seem that mental anarchy has overcome that proportion of the younger generation that seems to be more effectively organized for attracting public attention than any other part of the boys and girls of today.

That is a strange paradox. For if these young rebels are against *all* forms of language, written or spoken, which does not forthwith result in giving them all their desires, how is it that they pay sufficient attention to the slogans and propaganda and promises, or any words whatsoever, uttered or written by those who organize them into their multifarious groups and leagues? Of course, in spite of all they may have said to Mr. Chamberlain which convinced him of the truth of his statement, these young people simply must have begun with belief in some form of words, whatever they may be, which led them into the effort of forming their organizations. Otherwise, they would not only not join any kind of organization, they would soon become incapable of any action whatsoever. For if no words are to be trusted unless simultaneously with their utterance they bestow jobs and food and clothes and security and liberty and all desirable material and spiritual things, then those afflicted with so radical a state of scepticism are really believers in pure magic. Thought and reason are completely abandoned. But at the same time they have yielded themselves utterly to the power of mumbo-jumbo.

As Miss Thompson points out, if the young people interviewed by Mr. Chamberlain really mean by their wild words that what they really desire is to have those who write for them and talk to them cease from befuddling thought with windy tags and emotional slogans and get down to the brass tacks of exact definitions, that would truly be a long step in the right direction. But what Mr. Chamberlain reports does not support this optimistic view; nor, indeed, is that view supported by the things said and done in the most recent demonstration of organized American youth in the notorious congress at Washington. Yet there is a certain kind of fantastic logic expressed in this chaotic attitude. The war against "propa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ganda" which has been waged ever since the World War, which began understandably and very healthily in a greatly needed reaction to the credulity of Americans, against their tendency to swallow without examination all sorts of statements which harmonized with emotions, seems now to be ending in the most nonsensical type of complete scepticism.

Marvin Lowenthal, the distinguished historian, in a recent letter to the New York *Times* (February 18), points out a notable instance of still another reason, in addition to obviously false propaganda, for the increase of this fundamental distrust of quoted slogans, extending now, it would seem, to all words—except, of course, the words of magic longed for by the young people observed by Mr. Chamberlain. It seems that the *Times,* in an editorial, quoted "Voltaire's remark" that "people will continue to commit atrocities as long as they continue to believe absurdities," and commented on "the profound truth" of Voltaire's observation. Well, it seems that Mr. Lowenthal has also been circulating the supposed quotation from Voltaire, but when asked where Voltaire had actually used it, he was at a loss; he did not know; it came to him, he supposes, out of his reading in Voltaire, but without re-reading that author's fifty-six volumes, he cannot name the exact source. Then he found the same quotation in an essay by Desmond MacCarthy. But when Mr. MacCarthy was asked to locate it in Voltaire's writings, he replied that he is not sure whether or not he really found the words in Voltaire, or invented them in the course of writing an imaginary interview with the sage of Ferney.

According to Mr. MacCarthy, even if "the good things" he had attributed to Voltaire had not been written or said by him, he felt sure they were the sort of thing "Voltaire would have said had he thought of them, which, after all, he may have done." So there it is. As Mr. Lowenthal goes on to say, even so famous a maxim (of modern liberalism) as the "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death you right to say it," commonly attributed to Voltaire—published every Sunday in the year at the mast-head of the New York *Herald Tribune's* Sunday page of letters from its readers—was not said by Voltaire, but was invented by one of Voltaire's biographers, S. G. Tallentyre.

But as only one author out of some ten thousand or so ever takes time and work to probe to the very bottom of the problems of authenticity surrounding so many of the quotations used and re-used and copied from book to book, and out of books into newspapers and general circulation, the business of keeping false authorities out of the current literature of the age has just about completely failed. Hilaire Belloc relates how often he found in supposedly authoritative historians a statement to the effect that one of the Popes of the middle ages had issued a bull forbidding chemical research, the statement generally bolstering up an effort to convict the Church of a hostile attitude toward science. Finally he traced down the bull, and discovered that it was issued in Avignon, during the time the Popes lived there, but had nothing to do with chemical research at all. It was simply a police ordinance governing the operations of finance and markets and forbidding charlatans to take lead and brass from credulous people under the pretense of transmuting them into silver and gold.

Alchemy too was an early example of the universal yearning after magical formulas, which seems to be getting stronger and stronger today in those circles where respect for human thought and the processes of human reason are being lost, as part of the loss of religious convictions. Well, the Church still respects reason and opposes magic—the magic of demagogues as well as the magic of alchemical wizards. Our own youth organizations must be kept aloof from the mental anarchy described by Mr. Chamberlain, even at the cost of an apparent segregation from other youths who are all enthusiasm. That is one reason why I think this journal is doing good work, by its zeal for straight thinking—even when it fails.

Communications

THE CONVENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: All Catholics are under many obligations to THE COMMONWEAL and to Mr. Michael Williams for the two splendid articles in "Views and Reviews" (February 2 and 16) about that book, "The Convent." I am particularly grateful to Mr. Williams for his returning to that disagreeable subject in this week's issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

ROBERT S. SHRIVER.

PROBLEMS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I wonder whether other readers of Miss Ruth Byrns's review of the Catholic University publication, "Vital Problems in Catholic Education," were not amazed as I was by her comment on the chapter by Dr. O'Connell on philosophies of education. It is conceivable that one might disagree with the writer in particulars; but to characterize as "incompetently done" any article in this field by the author of so exhaustive and penetrating a study as Dr. O'Connell's "Naturalism in Education" is little short of absurd.

If Miss Byrns knows of a more "thoughtful and analytical" study than Dr. O'Connell's of the atheistic philosophies which, faced, apparently, with incredible equanimity by Catholic commentators, have been allowed to gain a stranglehold on American education, I should certainly be glad to hear of it. To my knowledge, however, Dr. O'Connell's book is the *only* one to make a stand against these ideas, and to attempt to clear away the smoke screen which was thrown around this thoroughly atheistic philosophy, first, as it would seem, by the fact that it was propounded not by Joseph Stalin, but by a well-behaved group of gentlemanly persons at Columbia University, most of whom had received their education in theological seminaries; and secondly, because the latter thought and expressed themselves in a haze, possibly deliberate and possibly not, which tended to obscure the uncompromising

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atheism of their fundamental principles. This haze still persists, despite the fact that one of their own number, Dr. John L. Childs, had the intellectual honesty and clarity of mind to become impatient with the cloud of equivocation, and to set down clearly the implications of the fundamental propositions of Dewey's philosophy. Despite the frank statement of opposition to Christian principles the status of the philosophy emanating from the disciples of John Dewey is still so anomalous in the popular mind that recently Dr. Thayer, director of the Ethical Culture schools, could state simultaneously his opposition to any teaching "concerning religion" in the public schools and his recommendation of indoctrination of the pupils along the lines of Dewey's philosophy. He recommends specifically that we take Dewey's conception of democracy "as our ideal and infuse with it every phase of the school's activity" and that as against "religious instruction along sectarian lines," we "substitute a rededication of the school as a whole to the principles of democratic education, and strive to bring into being a *religious devotion to the ethical and moral principles embraced in democratic living*" (quoted from the New York *Sun*). Thus, with perhaps unconscious clarity, is expressed that very principle of state-worship which is the most alarming part of communism and nazism; its statement in this connection lends color to the observation of Professor Louis Mercier in last week's COMMONWEAL (January 26) that the combination of Dewey's social program with his rejection of fundamental Christian philosophical principles makes his philosophy "inevitably gravitate toward the practices of atheistic communism."

It is against such confusion as that demonstrated by Dr. Thayer with regard to the metaphysical implications of Dewey's educational philosophy that Dr. O'Connell's book was directed; and many had hoped that its lead would be followed by other Catholic philosophers and educators. Certainly the ambiguities which make a statement like Dr. Thayer's possible should not be allowed to exist. However it is an amazing fact that of all the stream of ideas launched from Teachers' College, what has caused the most discussion and opposition has been methodology—as if it were a matter of prime importance whether a child could learn to count faster by one way than by another. And so we have seen bitter controversies raging on "progressive" methods and the "activity program," which after all are technical questions concerning chiefly those in the profession (and, incidentally, are on the whole a great advance on old-fashioned methods); whereas vital questions of fundamental aim and direction are ignored.

Miss Byrns comments unfavorably on the fact that the authors of "Vital Problems of Education" are all members of the staff of Catholic University. One might, however, point out that prevalent secular ideas of education stem almost wholly from a single institution, and that their successful dissemination may have owed something to the complete unity in them which was made possible by this fact. In spite of personal and local pride in various institutions, is it not a fine thing for Catholics in the United States to have an institution such as the Catholic University in Washington to symbolize the firm rock of Catholic opposition to the tide of anti-Christian principles?

ISABEL C. DEVINE.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In pointing out that all of the contributors to "Vital Problems of Catholic Education in the United States" are, with one exception, members of the faculty of the Catholic University, I did not intend to comment "unfavorably" on the book as Miss Devine has suggested. I stated that for some readers this would limit the scope of the book. I had in mind such readers as, for example, the president of a Catholic resident college for women who might wish that the book was less limited in scope and included a discussion of her own peculiar but vitally important problems. This observation does not in any way refer to the material that *is* in the book. And quite obviously, the book could not contain a chapter on every vital problem of Catholic education.

Regarding the merits of Dr. O'Connell's contribution, Miss Devine and I disagree. We do agree that his subject—both in the lecture printed in this volume and in his "Naturalism in Education," which Miss Devine has mentioned—is exceedingly important. The educational implications of the philosophy of education which is called "naturalistic" are dangerous and bad. This is a serious, fundamental matter which should be examined and considered very carefully. My opinion is that Dr. O'Connell has not done an adequate or effective job of examining or criticizing in either instance. The fact that there is no better book on the subject does not make Dr. O'Connell's work entirely satisfactory.

I agree fully with most of the other remarks in Miss Devine's letter. I think that she has pointed out some very important facts.

RUTH BYRNS.

"THE FLOWERING OF MYSTICISM"

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: In Father Richard Flower's review of "The Flowering of Mysticism" in your January 12 issue there was unfortunately a mistaken representation of the true nature of mysticism. Undoubtedly it was his enthusiasm for the liturgy and perhaps the haste that modern journalism demands of its writers that produced it, but this mistake should be corrected. For Catholic mysticism is becoming increasingly important in these days. It is therefore important that true mysticism, Catholic mysticism, be clearly distinguished from the magic, spiritualism, occultism, hallucinations and obscure workings of emotion which constitute the modern understanding of the term.

Father Flower neglected to make a distinction between true mysticism and false mysticism when he permitted the term "mystics" to include Plotinus and Plato as well as Saint Augustine, and the Victorians and ancient orientals as well as Catholics. Furthermore, he gave an erroneous view of Catholic mysticism itself when he concluded:

> The real integral concrete Body of the Faithful offering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Mass in their parish church as a means of union with God and with each other, and as the highest form of prayer and mystical experience, is far more effective of social sanctity than the scattered efforts of individual mystics. Only the Liturgy provides that correct and basic relation to God and to all creation—the classic relationship of creatures to God through Jesus Christ—which makes for true mysticism, which is at once social and individual.

If this appraisal of mysticism is correct, then the only thing one has to do is to go to Mass in order to experience the highest state of Christian perfection. Catholic mysticism is nothing less than a direct and conscious union or communication between God and the soul produced by Divine grace and experienced independent of the bodily senses. Catholic mystics tell us that they were more convinced of their soul's union with God than they were of their own existence. The faithful offering the Mass together in their parish church is a splendid expression of the inner union of the faithful with Christ and is the finest way of assisting at Mass, but it is not mysticism itself, for the faithful are not aware that they are having a mystical experience. Furthermore mysticism as the consciousness of the presence of God in the soul is something that concerns the individual. It is, first of all, an individual experience from which then flows a social character inasmuch as through it the mystic vividly realizes the union of all members of the Mystical Body in Christ.

That "*Only* the Liturgy provides that correct and basic relation to God and to all creation . . . which makes for true mysticism . . ." is not true because it is not necessary to live in a Christian community in order to have a true mystical experience. The Liturgy, of course, is a great aid in the preparation for the mystical experience, but it is not the only means. God's sanctifying grace is not restricted solely to the channels of the Liturgy.

The test of humility and complete obedience to the authority of the Church are the first tests of true mysticism. If some of the fourteenth-century mystics called the "Friends of God" found that "their fervent experience of God made them impatient of the covenanted ways of grace and fearful of system and regimentation," then they deviated from true mysticism.

Since mysticism should be the natural climax of the everyday striving for Christian perfection and since it is the highest state of Christian life in which the infinite love of God for man is met by the returning love of man for God, mysticism has a very practical value to the daily lives of all Christians, if not as an objective, at least as an example. Consequently it is important that it be distinguished from the modern popular concept of something confusing, vague and pantheistic and that it be clearly defined in the mind of all Catholics.

BURNETT C. BAUER.

Portsmouth, R. I.

TO the Editors: It is gratifying to know that book reviews do get read, but it is equally annoying, to their writers, that the space allotted is often strictly limited. In spite of the best intentions the writer of reviews may misstate (by defect or exaggeration) a problem, an opinion, or a situation. It was not in the present writer's purpose, be it said, to distinguish false from true mysticism, but to stress sacramental mysticism as the highest form known to the Catholic Church and to insist that, far from there being any incompatibility between mysticism and Liturgy, the twain are indissolubly united. It was not in his mind to deny, moreover, that "mysticism is an individual experience" of union with God as Redeemer, Friend, Lover.

Since man is essentially a social animal, however, it is only in society that he reaches his highest natural perfection. The same holds good of supernatural perfection, which can be attained only in a supernatural society. If mysticism then is simply "the natural climax of the everyday striving for Christian perfection and the highest state of Christian life," there is no possibility of severing mysticism from Christian society or from the life-giving channels of that society. Liturgy looks upon mankind as a whole, with individual men as its constitutive parts; the perfection of the whole rules the perfection of the parts. The norm of the individual's perfection and hence of his mystical experience is the perfection with which he fulfills his organic rôle as a member of the Mystical Body of Christ. Because it is only in society that he has existence at all, he is not in any way cramped or suppressed by society; and if man has his entire being by constituting a member of society, all perfection of his essence must be in the same way due to this society. Furthermore, it would be unlawful to consider Christian perfection as having nothing to do with the Church and its channels of grace as instituted by Christ. Even the individual Christian mystic is organic with the life of the Mystical Body. Apart from it he would be merely an individual.

Where the philosophies of individualism which conceive everything in terms and values of the individual man obtain, mysticism has almost exclusive reference to man and the Mass is regarded as my duty, my worship, my prayer, my consecration, my offering; thus mystical experience is first and last the individual's experience. He is an isolated digit in a series. Moreover, the Mass is apt to become regarded as only a preparation for further interior experience of union with Christ, in fact only "a great aid in the preparation for the mystical experience." Thus the Mass may be degraded from its place of supreme dignity into the rôle of instrument of individual perfection, and it is not inconceivable that it might become, in time, a superfluous instrument if it failed to produce individual mystical experience. This is conceivable because individualism gives opportunity for individual caprices and for psychological self-analysis; it tempts one to make the self an object of study.

We believe that the whole work of Redemption is mystically present at Mass—the Head and members functioning corporately in offering, sacrifice and communion. Surely there can be such an experience then as "corporate mysticism." The "door opened in heaven" (Apocalypse, iv) shows what corporate Catholic worship meant to the first-century apostle; the adoration of the "ancients" was corporate and their utterance a corporate one. They must have experienced the great solidarity of the worship of the One Body in Heaven, wherewith the Body on earth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is organic. This experience would be an expression of corporate mysticism: each individual would know himself to be an organic element in the solidarity of the Mystical Body. Then there is no reason why God may not extend this grace of "corporate mysticism" to the whole group, community, congregation and the Church at large.

The mystics of the Rhine Valley may have been impatient of authority, but I did not wish to imply they were disobedient. The two attitudes are not identical. Lord Acton, just to cite one example from many, was indeed impatient with those ardent doctors and theologians who championed a definition of papal infallibility, but he was the first to accept the dogma once Holy Church had pronounced it.

It is true that there will always be a certain healthy personalism in the spirit of man; it will flower into something integral and vital, however, only when it draws its life and takes its guidance from the spirit filled organism of Christ's Body. If one desires an experience of God, covenanted and therefore within lawful bounds, one must share in the functions of that society whereby God's redemptive act is applied to men. Therein is the Divine reality; the experience also is there.

RICHARD FLOWER, O.S.B.

THE PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I was very much surprised to find an advertisement for a motion picture, "The Perpetual Sacrifice," in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL. This picture is a very inferior piece of work; many of its details are of the kind that should be kept away from youngsters in our Catholic schools. I recall having attended the preview of this picture with THE COMMONWEAL'S reviewer. Here is what he said of it, in part, in your own columns: "Poor acting, bad make-up and phoney whiskers, canvas drops, twittering birds to indicate out-of-doors and cheap props will embarrass adults, and perhaps confuse children. Large producers learned years ago that our Saviour cannot be successfully shown in films. Small producers are foolhardy to attempt this impossible task."

In the October, 1939, issue of *Liturgical Arts,* I wrote an editorial concerning this motion picture: "It is in the portrayal of the Mass itself that this film can be harmful if shown in schools, where children form life-long impressions. The altar at which the priest carries out the ceremony is of the kind made known to us by the 'art catalogues' and represents everything that should be kept away from the eyes of the young, or even of the old for that matter."

Surely the editors of THE COMMONWEAL are aware of the rules and regulations laid down by the proper authorities of the Church and which are binding on all. I know full well the difficulties encountered by editors of Catholic publications because of the need for revenue, but this does not excuse an acceptance of advertising which runs counter to principle.

MAURICE LAVANOUX,
Managing Editor, "Liturgical Arts."

The Stage & Screen

The Unconquered

AYN RAND wrote this play about 1924 Soviet Russians as if she couldn't quite make up her mind whether she was writing a melodrama about a woman engineer, with ambitions to build a skyscraper, who sells herself to get money for her sick aristocratic lover, or an anti-communist satire about Soviet grafters who, ruled by a bread card, cheat in the obvious way, or a philosophical drama about a G-P-U agent who believes that a correct ideology is more important than efficiency but who goes completely berserk when he discovers that his mistress is also the mistress of the aristocrat. As a consequence, "The Unconquered" is a confused muddle in ten scenes trying to say that the human spirit cannot survive under collectivism. John Emery and Helen Craig can hardly be blamed for failing to make anything out of the pasteboard rôles of the aristocrat who ends up as a gigolo and the woman engineer who lives for herself, not the cause, and whose mistressing alternates from the aristocrat to G-P-U agent back to aristocrat. Dean Jagger manages to do better and insert some feeling of sincerity and depth as the disillusioned G-P-U officer who purges himself. I'm afraid that George Abbott, who usually rings the bell with his productions, only succeeds in sending us, for our anti-Soviet fun, back to the movies to see "Ninotchka" again. (*At the Biltmore Theater.*)

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Fact—Fancy—Fiction

MARCH OF TIME'S *"The Vatican of Pius XII"* is interesting not only because this is the first time such a film has been made for general patronage, but also for its thoroughly sympathetic attitude toward the Pope's assuming his rightful position of importance in world affairs, especially in his crusade for peace. It explains the government of this autonomous state and shows the Vatican's post-office, radio station and library. Particularly effective are the shots of the Sistine Chapel, the basilica of St. Peter and the crypts beneath its high altar where most of the popes lie buried. Scenes outside the Vatican walls include the Gregorian University of the Jesuits and Santa Sabina of the Dominicans. To the picture, which was shot silent, a commentary has been added. Among the many people in the film are Cardinal Maglione, Myron C. Taylor and of course His Holiness. There are several fine sequences of Pius, and one, in which he is talking before an assembly in the Academy of Science, is splendid.

"Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" is the latest of feature pictures that are learning their lessons from documentary films. Under William Dieterle's capable direction, it stresses facts rather than story, takes advantage of short cuts provided by photomontage and good editing and omits the glamor usually connected with Hollywood products.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honest and so sincere that there is no absurd overriding of other viewpoints, but a loyal effort to appraise them with understanding. And the author is intelligent. Other people's theories, statistical charts, stories of history, and immediate experiences are synthesized into an intelligible and constructive frame of thought—closer to a philosophy of American life than you will find in almost any critic of our times you may name. His statements are significant, from his most general to his most specific, so that you can say—and must say—yes or no to his propositions.

The enemy is the urban philosophy of life which would depopulate the globe, and in the process offend also against the other virtues taught by world history and reason and religion. Dominant during the past hundred years, this philosophy has exploited the countryside, mined our natural resources, usurped ownership of farms, hideously depressed the farm population and then failed even to provide progeny to enjoy the ill-gotten gains. Unwillingness to sacrifice for the future, "competitive consumption," a mechanistic as opposed to an organic or biologic bias of mind, materialism as opposed to religious faith tend toward extinction.

The family farm, its ownership passing down from generation to generation, is the only environment Dr. Baker conceives where life and the physical resources of the earth and human culture can be safely transmitted. This is not an arbitrary choice. An economist could hardly marshal more powerful statistical data to support—or reach—his first assertions. Few writers appear to be more observant or sympathetic students of their fellow countrymen or foreign neighbors. Throughout the essay there is an almost visible effort on the author's part to understand—an almost Tolstoyan quality.

No serious work on America's part to heal the situation is expected until the population—and not just the young children—begins to decline (about 25 years). But Dr. Baker advocates immediate education, and specific education. He is highly critical of present methods which break up families directly by taking children away, and by inculcating an urban and, too widely, a materialistic view of life. As a research man and a modest man, the author is diffident about putting forward a platform to promote his policy of familistic economy, but he does offer a series of suggestions all through his work and a summary of them in his last chapter. In building up the family, he would by no means spurn various economic and social devices associated with the other four types of economic system he recognizes, but he would keep them secondary to the central effort.

He does believe in Christianity and in the power of the churches and he asserts his religious faith. He also demonstrates on pragmatic grounds its enormous utility in coping with our problems. Science, for instance, depends on freedom, and freedom depends on the recognition of the worth of the human soul, and that depends upon a supernatural religion. Dr. Baker shows that we must alter our complex of economic systems toward greater dependence on the family. His book is a major work, altering our viewpoint and presenting the education by which alone, he demonstrates, can we hope to effect that necessary alteration without the most chaotic of historical tragedies.

Books of the Week

Injuns

Indians of the United States. Clark Wissler. Doubleday. $3.75.

NO ONE is better qualified than Doctor Wissler, Dean of the Scientific Staff of the American Museum of Natural History and one of our ablest specialists on the American Indian, to appraise the American Indian and his importance in the history of the United States. The work, scholarly though it is, is written not for the professional anthropologist, but for the general reader.

Part I is an excellent summary of our knowledge to date of the prehistory of the American Indian. It is a reconstruction based on sound archeological fact and sane scientific inference. This section deals with such matters as the first arrival of man on the continent, his achievements in adjusting to varying natural environments, the later rise of farmers who had learned to make pottery. All this is a fascinating prerequisite for an understanding of the Indians of historic times.

In Part II, the major portion of the work, the author, by skilfully interweaving ethnological and historical data, admirably fulfills his aim to deal specially with the Indians in the United States, "portray their struggles to resist the advancing frontier, describe their mode of life and its *modifications due to residing among* white people, and finally, give some account of the Indian personalities of the time." Since the English, French and Dutch first came in contact with peoples speaking the Algonkian languages, it is to "The Grand Old Algonkian Family" that attention is first given. The geographical area over which Algonkian was spoken is a vast one, extending from the Atlantic seaboard through eastern Canada, the Great Lakes region, with outliers on the plains, and perhaps even as far as California. The varying cultural conditions under which these Algonkian-speaking Indians lived and the differing historical impacts affecting them are brought out with a clearness and coherence possible only to so thorough a master of his subject as Wissler is.

With equal skill, though not at such length, are treated, in a chapter each: the Iroquois, familiar to us as the Six Nations and the Cherokee; the Muskhogean of the southland; the Siouan family, which embraces many well known tribes like the Dakota, Iowa, Crow, and others; the Penutian families of California and northward; the Déné, whose representatives in the United States are particularly the Navaho and Apache; finally the Uto-Aztecan family to which belong many of the Pueblo peoples of the southwest, as do the Shoshonean groups to the north thereof. Their history is traced to the time when, after complete economic or military defeat, the remaining Indians of each of the groups are confined upon reservations. By presenting so ably the cultural background, Wissler gives an insight into and understanding of the problems that confronted outstanding figures like Pontiac, Cornplanter, Keokuk and Black Hawk, Waneta and a host of others, as they played their rôles in our frontier history—an insight and understanding rather consistently absent from our history textbooks.

The final chapters forming Part III, "Indian Life in General," contribute vastly to our understanding of the Indian as he is today. Many popular misconceptions are cleared up, and one realizes, perhaps to his surprise, why

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the white man so puzzled the Indian, who thought of his white brother as being rude and lacking in good manners. The chapter dealing with "Life on a Reservation" is especially to be recommended. Wissler, writing from his long experience and wide knowledge of the American Indian, presents objectively a sympathetic but not sentimental picture of him. He gives us the Indian as he is —neither all good nor all bad, a human being very much like ourselves, whose only chance for survival is to live more and more like the white man. "The Indian contributed greatly to the well-being of the world, in return for which he is threatened with extinction."

Both format and the many appropriate illustrations are excellent. Altogether this work, first of the Science Series, sets a high standard for others in the Series to follow. Doctor Wissler and the American Museum of Natural History are to be congratulated. REGINA FLANNERY.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Commonwealth or Anarchy. Sir John A. Marriott. Columbia. $2.00.

THIS book, first published in 1937, was already out of print when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, that untiring worker for world peace and cooperation, suggested its reissue by the united Oxford and Columbia University press.

This "survey of projects of peace from the fifteenth to the twentieth century" is written in keeping with the best historical traditions of Oxford, where Sir John Marriott was once fellow and lecturer of Worcester College. Calm, scholarly, objective, the book is never dull, never emotional, never manipulated to prove a preconceived thesis. The author in his preface says, "My object is to explain, not to convince. There is no need of preaching on the subject. Every sane person agrees that war is always horrible, generally stupid, and not infrequently wicked, but it has unfortunately played a large part in human history. . . . None of the peace projects hitherto formulated have successfully grappled with the problem. Is their failure due to defective machinery or to the unregenerate nature of man?" Readers of the book must draw their own conclusions from the facts which it attempts to summarize.

The author shows that international war became a serious threat to our civilization when the emergence of the national states and the subsequent Protestant revolt ended the unifying influence of the Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire. National rivalry led to continuous wars, beginning with the struggle between France and the Hapsburgs. Would war become a perpetual menace? Thoughtful men were forever asking these questions and various projects for peace were attempted solutions of the problem.

In every century after the fifteenth at least one of these projects was suggested. The "Grand Design of Henry IV" favored a European federation; William Penn proposed a European parliament; the Abbé de St. Pierre advocated a league of princes; Immanuel Kant turned to a more democratic plan of a federation of free nations. In the nineteenth century the wars of Napoleon ended with the Quadruple Alliance and the attempt at the "Concert of Europe." The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 led, after four years' agony of war, to the League of Nations with its resulting conferences, pacts, economic and disarmament proposals and Briand's ill-fated scheme for the United States of Europe.

And the end of all was failure! The high hopes of men faded as the League of Nations showed that it could not prevent wars of aggression waged by its members against other members. Frankly the author faced the question: is there then no hope? He does not force his conclusion upon his readers, but keeps the quiet objective tone he has used throughout his exposition. He thinks that the league moved too quickly, attempted too much. The membership in a future league for peace ought to be limited "to states reasonably equal in power, not disparate in government, inheriting similar traditions, and inspired by common ideals. To attempt more is to risk all." Such an experiment has, in his opinion, already been tried and has succeeded. "The British Empire is the only successful experiment in international government that has ever been made." Here he quotes the words of General Smuts. A federation cannot be stable unless it is permeated by the idea of family ties and affections. The fifty nations that make up the British Empire have this spirit and have won this stable peace. Can it form a model or suggest an organization for an ever widening circle?

Such are the contents of the little volume, 200 pages in all, and its value is great. The conclusions reached by a thoughtful reader may be very different from those of the author, but they will be conclusions based on the knowledge of the whole problem. We do not dare to be indifferent to, or to be ignorant of, the burning question of our day. Selfish isolationism, narrow self interest is unworthy of a country whose very power and riches lay upon it a deep responsibility for leadership. Americans need clear thinking to direct their policies, and this book is a valuable aid in the development of such a power.

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE, S.H.C.J.

Mexico Reborn. Verna Carleton Millan. Houghton Mifflin. $3.00.

AS THE ALERT American wife of a Mexican doctor (whom she married in the New York City Hall with Diego and Frieda Rivera as witnesses one April morning just before taking the boat), this writer is at her best when detailing with ecstasy the quaint and colorful folk life she discovered below the Rio Grande. Authentic and vivid also are her personal impressions of the Mexican artists, musicians, literateurs, politicians and generals, who make the fabric of the "new Mexico." More than that, a human side is pictured in the nation's great problems, ranging from education to labor, collective farming, the freedom of Mexican women, oil, ideologies and the six-year-plan; there is an appraisal of President Cardenas and a penetrating preview of the presidential campaign of 1940.

So far, so good. When the author steps out of her personal reporting rôle and becomes an amateur apologist for Mexican left-wing rationalizations, the charm and the authenticity vanish. Then there reappear the dusty-dry bones of that dreary hate for Mexican Catholicism, with such perennial nonsense as that "Mexican Catholics were not Catholics at all" and such dead give-aways, as the one relative to the Mexican woman who protested against sexual education for her ten-year-old daughter: "I always think of her as the modern reincarnation of those women who watched, with unconcealed delight, the burning of heretics in Mexico City's main square."

All of this seems to show that writers ought to stick to their *métier*. The author herself seems to indicate this, when she returns to rehearse, with good common-sense, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter with which she was personally conversant. "Until that moment," she writes, "I had never realized how profoundly dangerous left-wing demagogy could be when used for political purposes and deliberately twisted by people who knew only too well what they were doing."

JAMES A. MAGNER.

Documents in American Foreign Relations, January 1938—June 1939. Edited by S. Shepard Jones and D. P. Myers. $3.75.

THE WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION has issued this 600-page collection of speeches, diplomatic correspondence, statistics, and legislative acts bearing on the international relations of the United States. This excellent volume is the first of a series to be issued yearly, which will be an invaluable aid to all those who need accurate and documented knowledge of history in the making.

M. M. L.

Public Policy. Edited by C. J. Friedrich and E. S. Mason. Harvard. $3.50.

THIS is the first of what is hoped will become an annual volume in the field of public policy to be issued by the Harvard Graduate School of Public Administration. The regulation and control of industrial organization is the major theme of this first volume. It is written entirely by men associated with the School of Public Administration.

C. J. Friedrich discusses public policy and the nature of administrative responsibility; E. S. Mason, price policies and full employment; A. H. Feller, public policy of industrial control; L. B. Sims, social scientists in the federal service; M. Fainsod, the nature of the regulatory process; and F. M. Watkins, the problem of constitutional dictatorship. The book contains other chapters too specialist in character to interest the general reader.

J. C.

CRITICISM

Mark Twain in Germany. Edgar H. Hemminghaus. Columbia. $2.50.

IN 1875 "Innocents Abroad" appeared in German dress. Thus introduced, Mark Twain entered on a career in Germany which has lasted until the present time. The favorite piece of humor of the ex-Kaiser (who had a famous meeting with Clemens) was the latter's "How to Learn the German Language." Twain's various visits to Germany helped to enhance his popularity. A conservative estimate states that over a million copies of Twain's books have been sold in German-speaking countries! The translations of "The Prince and the Pauper" were made by women; Josephine Flach, a Catholic novelist of considerable repute, offered the first translation in 1887 under the title "Furst und Bettler." The first critic to refute the commonly held view that Clemens was a mere entertainer and buoffoon was the highly respected Catholic savant, A. Wurm, in his "Mark Twain als Mensch und Humorist," published in 1903. Twain's popularity among a widely varied public rose gradually until it reached a pre-War peak in 1910. The early years of the post-War decade advanced his popularity until, by 1923, he attained the rank of a best seller and with it a popularity absolutely unique for a foreign writer. As might be expected, however, since the advent of Hitler there has been a gradual decline in his sales. The works that ranked highest in popularity have been, in order named, "Sketches New and Old," "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." One reason for the

B. ALTMAN & CO.

you'll look your loveliest

in this very new

bolero frock for women

19.95

flattering, because the graceful skirt has twenty gores flaring softly below the hipline . . . because the sleeves are that becoming bracelet length . . . because the flashes of pique on the dotted blouse look so crisp and fresh. In Stehli's rayon sheer Masterpiece, in black or navy. Sizes 16 1/2 to 24 1/2. Altman daytime dresses . . . third floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at Our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

popularity of these works, besides their subject matter, was the fact that they had all appeared before the 1892 copyright law with the United States went into effect, and they could be published without a royalty. Mr. Hemminghaus deserves praise for a scholarly and stimulating work, which makes the reader realize how much the leaven of Twain's humor is needed in Germany today.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

FICTION

After Many a Summer Dies the Swan. Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.50.

THIS is a disgusting book. But it's Huxley's best so far. First of all it isn't a novel. Secondly it is beyond the pale as far as sex is concerned. One of the principal characters draws curtains in front of the Virgin when she experiences a certain bestial joy in the sexual act—and that alone is a Catholic touch. We agree that there is a level beneath which the most earthy of us will draw the curtain. There is a point in sin where we have to stop, and without any merit for stopping. Unfortunately this stopping point is not recognized by Mr. Huxley. And there is another little matter—the matter of writing novels which really are novels.

Most of us assume that a novel is supposed to deal with human beings. Mr. Huxley insists that each character in his novel shall be a *porte-parole*. Of course that is one way of handling the matter. But it isn't the way of the novel. There isn't in this latest dispensation a single human being, a real, mixed-up human being. Everyone is crystal clear: here is the sensualist, here is the voice of the author, here is the damned-fool American millionaire. And it may be very unsophisticated to say it, but that's no way to write a novel.

Then we Americans should have another quarrel with M. Huxley. We may speak an outlandish language (I remember the awful quarter hour I spent with the daughter of a Cambridge don who found that I spoke "such extraordinarily good English"), but it is our own. We resent people who don't really talk that way trying to write that way—which Mr. Huxley does all the way through. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but only when the imitation is clearly an imitation. Mr. Huxley is too good at it to be amusing.

But how about the book's philosophy? For it has one. There we can't be altogether ungrateful. For the philosophy is back-handedly Christian, *via* emasculated Buddhism. For so much may we be thankful. But the book is not only not *pour les jeunes filles;* there are professors of moral theology to whom I should hesitate to recommend it.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

PHILOSOPHY

Modern Philosophies of Education. John S. Brubacher. McGraw-Hill. $3.00.

THE SON of A. R. Brubacher, late President of the New York State College for Teachers, and himself Associate Professor of History and Philosophy of Education at Yale University, Mr. Brubacher has written a study of educational philosophy that merits considerable attention, although it misinterprets the more basic Catholic concepts on the subject. The usual systematic classifications of educational philosophy as idealistic, pragmatic, scholastic, etc., have been used sparingly and attention has been focused on the philosophic interpretation of concrete views in educational practice. There is no attempt to arrive at a definite educational philosophy for different subjects or various educational levels, the reader being presented with contradictory issues and allowed to formulate his own conclusions.

Mr. Brubacher has consulted several standard Catholic authorities and does not appear to be biased. His presentation of Catholic philosophy, however, evidences a sincere but inaccurate evaluation due, no doubt, to what the author has read in several Catholic publications without a complete understanding of just what is implied. The epistemological basis of Catholic education is stated in broad and often misleading terms without the use of distinctions necessarily thereto. For example, it is pointed out that Catholic philosophy maintains an eternal undeviating truth which is "discovered" either with or without the aid of the teacher, thus positing the spectator or copy theory of intellect; that truth is static and "a knowledge of universals must precede a knowledge of particulars" and finally "that it is an old article of Catholic faith that one must have faith in order to understand."

The limitations of a book review prevent a detailed explanation of the Catholic viewpoint. Scholastic authors have consistently stated that the copy theory of intellect is false, and unless truth is accurately defined it is impossible to explain Catholic philosophy on the subject. Truth is unchangeable certainly in respect to truth itself, the absolute truth, God. It is also unchangeable in regard to the primitive truths, i.e., the existence of the one judging, the principle of contradiction and the aptitude of the intellect to attain truth. However, created finite truth may change as one possesses more truth about an object than previously; that one truth may influence an era more than the same truth in a subsequent era; that scientific discoveries will daily necessitate the invention of new technical terms denoting truths; that new hypotheses will involve new forms of expression. But granting all this, the intellect remains *essentially* the same as regards the law of thought by which it is directed; first principles are always the same, the method of reasoning is the same. To declare that universal knowledge must precede particular knowledge is false. The universal idea "man" exists only as a universal, but there is an individual man corresponding to it. In short, the object cannot exist outside the intellect as to *the way it is* represented, but only in respect to *that which* is represented. The author does not make these distinctions. The articles of faith are few in number and that "one must have faith in order to understand" is not one of them. The misunderstanding may be due to the scholastic maxim, "Credo ut intelligam," which is certainly not an article of faith. Furthermore, the other maxim, "Intelligo ut credam," is a complement to the preceding.

Several aspects of the book place it above average, particularly the chapters on the metaphysical bases of education, the civil state and education and systematic philosophies of education. With the exceptions mentioned, Mr. Brubacher has produced a work of value for teachers and anyone interested in the philosophical basis of education.

VINCENT J. MC LAUGHLIN.

RELIGION

Of His Fullness; A Christian Review. Gerald Vann, O.P. Kenedy. $1.50.

BLACKFRIARS has made us aware of the youthful Hound of the Lord, Gerald Vann, and his *Morals Makyth Man* has sharpened the outlines of his personality even more. Today we lay down his retreat addresses with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a real *Deo Gratias* and a determination to turn to profit in our own life the "Christian Review" which he has given us. There is a classic control in his use of English, that is itself a convincing trait of his writing; moreover, he evinces an inspiring breath of sympathy doubled by a knowledge of Christian principles and religious aims. He is refreshingly up to date—a Dominican of our own day with a living grasp of the spirit of Saint Thomas and a quick appreciation of modern problems and needs; a friar who has come into his own.

The background of these retreat addresses, given first to religious and now re-addressed to the laity, is the theology of the virtues and the gifts, with the first chapters of Saint John's Gospel as text. The treatment of the latter is more philosophical than exegetical. The author has a keen eye to necessary distinctions and a large understanding of Christian living, both in and outside the cloister. There are refreshing discussions of liberty and law, of servile and filial fear, of obedience, of the need for sincere thinking about old habits and new demands, of sloth, of the need for private prayer as a preparation for worthy participation in the public prayer of the Church, and of the place of suffering and atonement. This book should be read first of all by religious, but it can bring to all men a renewed joy in their Christian calling. Father Vann is certainly a true son of Dominican forebears; we venture to say that he is one of the few Thomists who have the *spirit* of Saint Thomas in the midst of a world gone chaotic. His book inspires confidence and provokes zeal —zeal to grow in the knowledge and love of the Word made flesh; in his own words, to know the center that we may better know the circumference.

RICHARD FLOWER, O.S.B.

Through Hundred Gates. Stephen and Severin Lamping. Bruce. $2.50.

IT IS RARE and spectacular that the priestly twins, Severin and Stephen Lamping, should also be brothers in the religious order of Friars Minor. It is spectacular and commendable that forty-one autobiographical sketches of converts should have been compressed into one volume. The biographies themselves are anything but spectacular.

There is a fine introductory exposition by the compilers, on the doctrine of the soul of the Church. Then, with admirable restraint, with frankness and charm, the converts tell their short but wondrous stories of Divine Grace and human generosity.

Most of the names are well known to American readers; all have influence or prestige in their own countries. "Racially we are here admitted into the intimacy of a Pentacostal group, reflecting in a striking way the universality of the Catholic Church," says optimistic Father Husslein, S. J., in his preface.

Each of these strangers heard the Word of God as though in his own tongue. From many different professions, from many religions or stages of unbelief they came. In twenty-two countries the Holy Ghost found them, and of every color. He found Chesterton, Undset, Dudley and Bishop Hunt. He found Claudel and Jammes. He found Ralph Metcalfe, colored athlete, at Marquette University. The significant account of the conversion of Ralph Metcalfe redounds not only to his credit but to that of his alma mater. Moreover, it indicates a rich and almost unplowed missionary field for Catholic institutions of higher learning, if they are brave enough to heed the divine command "to teach *all* nations."

JOHANNA DONIAT.

A HOLY WAR

is being waged by devoted missionaries against sickness and sinfulness, here in home missions as well as in the field afar. The Catholic Medical Mission Board aids many needy missions which plead constantly for more help and cooperation. For seven dollars we can send 10,000 5 gr. aspirin tablets to the missions. Any donation, however small, can be used to purchase medical supplies for the needy. A gift of $30 will enable you to give to the missions a general operating kit of surgical instruments. A donation of $60 will secure for the missions a set of instruments for eye operations. Address The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side.

Queensboro Bridge Market

59th St. & First Ave. **ELdorado 5-4794**

WE NEED:

Clothing **Furniture** **House Furnishings**

We will call for anything you will give. Contributions of money will greatly help our work here among God's poor.

MADONNA HOUSE

169-175 Cherry Street **New York City**

Classified Advertising

RATES for classified advertising: One to twelve times, 40c per type line. Thirteen consecutive insertions, 36c per line. Twenty-six or more consecutive insertions, 32c per line. Minimum space, three lines.

RADIOS WANTED

Friendship Houses of Harlem, under the direction of Catherine de Hueck are in great need of old radio sets for their radio classes conducted for the children of Harlem. Please telephone to Audubon 3-4892 or send to 34 West 135th St.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The THEATRE GUILD in association with EDDIE DOWLING
presents SAROYAN'S gay-mad comedy hit
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
with EDDIE DOWLING and JULIE HAYDON
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'WAY
Evgs. 8:40, Mats. Thursday & Saturday 2:40—220 seats at $1.10

BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass
REASONABLE RATES
Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452

St. Hilda Guild Inc.

Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT
Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, N. Y.
Conducted by the Sisters of Charity
Regional and State Accreditment
A.B. and B.S. Degrees
Teacher and Secretarial Training
Ninety-six acres bordering Hudson River
Twelve miles from Grand Central New York City
For particulars address Registrar

ROSARY COLLEGE
River Forest, Suburb of Chicago
A Catholic College for Women
Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.
Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland.

TRINITY COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Beautifully located in the Immediate Vicinity of the Catholic University
Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees.
Conducted by the
SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF NAMUR
For particulars, address
THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

The Inner Forum

ON MARCH 2, 1940, the Catholic Hour radio program will celebrate its tenth anniversary. When it began 22 stations in 17 states carried it—some 30 percent of the available outlets: today its 94 stations in 41 states represent some 90 percent of NBC's available outlets. The Catholic Hour, which goes out over the air every Sunday at 6 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, has become the world's most extensive religious broadcast.

In addition to the growth of its audience ascribable to the adding of stations to the network, fan mail has increased from about 12,000 to 200,000 letters a year. The four January broadcasts alone brought in 112,000 pieces of mail. There are no statistics available on the character of these communications, but the headquarters of the National Council of Catholic Men, the sponsoring organization, is convinced that the proportion of friendly letters from non-Catholics has steadily increased. About 50 conversions a year are ascribed to this program, although its principal aim is to overcome prejudice and create better understanding in a more general way by presenting various phases of Catholicism objectively.

The budget on which this program is operated is remarkably modest—about $35,000 for the current year. (If the NBC charged its usual rates, the cost would be around $500,000.) Included in the budget figures are administrative expenses, the printing and distributing of 250,000 pamphlets of the talks and prayerbooks together with speaker and musical expenses. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, one percent of which come from non-Catholics.

The tenth anniversary program will be given March 3 over the NBC red network. Archbishop Spellman of New York will preside and Monsignor Sheen of the Catholic University will deliver a talk entitled "Memories." The musical part of the program will include Jessica Dragonette and the Paulist Choristers under the direction of Father Finn.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rt. Rev. Luigi G. LIGUTTI is pastor at Grainger, Iowa. He spent last summer investigating rural life abroad.

Rev. George M. A. SCHOENER is better known as the "Padre of the Roses." A Swiss who started life as a painter (his mother was a Vernet), he eventually became excited about creative botany. In his seventy-ninth year he continues to be excited. His only regret is that he can find no young followers

Hiram MERRIMAN was for some years editor of a weekly newspaper in the Philippines and a correspondent for international news services. For ten years he has been an exposition manager in the farm field.

C. Edward WOLF is an Iowa tenant farmer.

Walter J. ONG, S.J., is a Missouri poet.

Karl DETZER writes stories and articles for the magazines; he divides his time between Michigan and New York.

T. D. LYONS now lives in Oklahoma. He is an attorney and a Notre Dame alumnus.

Regina FLANNERY is a research associate in the department of anthropology at the Catholic University.

Mother MARY LAWRENCE, S.H.C.J., is a member of the faculty of Rosemont College.

Rev. James A. MAGNER is a Chicago priest who has devoted himself to the study club movement and specializes in Mexican affairs.

Cyril CLEMENS is president of the International Mark Twain Society.

Vincent J. McLAUGHLIN teaches at New Rochelle College.

Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B., is a monk of St. Benedict's Priory, Portsmouth, R. I.

Johanna DONIAT teaches in the Chicago public school system.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED